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WITH THE EXIT OF MACHADO the greatest need of the Cuban people is economic recovery. This cannot be had without American help—or perhaps it would be better to say, without a cessation of the economic war that America has been conducting against Cuba. In 1928, when raw sugar without duty was selling at 2½ cents a pound, the duty of 1¾ cents on sugar from Cuba, our greatest source of supply, meant a duty in terms of value of about 70 per cent. The Smoot-Hawley tariff raised the duty to 2 cents a pound, and as the price of sugar fell this became, in effect, by May of 1932 a duty in terms of value of 350 per cent. Not content with striking this blow against the Cuban sugar grower, we are now considering the adoption of import allotments which would permit the entrance from Cuba of only 1,700,000 tons of sugar in the coming marketing year, though the average imports of Cuban sugar during the past five years have been only a little short of 2,500,000 tons. While we have helped to bring ruin to Cuba, we have not helped ourselves in the slightest. We have taxed the American consumer about $300,000,000 a year. But our beet-sugar industry, even with this heavy protection, even with the use of imported Mexican labor and of child labor, has not grown. The growth, instead, has been in the industries of Hawaii, the Philippines, and Porto Rico. By reducing our imports from Cuba we have hurt our export trade by almost exactly the same proportion. By a curious irony we have even directly hurt our capitalists, for the American capital invested in Cuba—mainly in sugar—is estimated at from $1,225,000,000 to $1,500,000,000, against less than $300,000,000 invested in the domestic beet- and cane-sugar industries combined.

IN THE HALCYON DAYS of our republic it was a popular boast that one American, even with his right arm tied behind him, could lick two Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, or nationals of any other country on earth. It may not have been true, but it was brave, red-blooded doctrine which helped lots of youngsters to grow up into hard-fisted business men who, having made sacks of money, were invited to address the local Young Men's Christian Association on "The Spirit of Service." Alas, the depression, old age, or the debunkers have broken our pride, and now the State Department doubts if 120,000,000 Americans can lick one seventy-six year old Communist. At least that seems to be the only possible reason why our consular officers in London should deny a visa to visit the United States to Tom Mann. Apparently our government, our institutions, and our business system are shakier than even the most pessimistic supposed if they would be so seriously endangered by the speeches of this veteran British radical that he has to be excluded from our shores. It may be, of course, that the State Department, or its representatives in London, have misjudged their fellow Americans. Perhaps all of us are not such perfect prototypes of the Timid Soul (and rather an ignoble one too) as it assumes. But unless our diplomatic service is in error, General Johnson made an ornithological and psychological mistake in choosing a Blue Eagle as our modern emblem. He ought to have chosen a yellow eagle with a white feather in its tail.

WE ARE GLAD to note that official Washington is waking up to the need of an unremitting campaign for unemployment relief and is trying to prevent newspaper ballyhoo about improving conditions from jeopardizing the work of raising funds for the distressed. Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, estimates that a billion dollars will be needed in the country for next winter and that the States must match the $500,000,000 appropriated by the national government. He is insisting that in order to receive federal aid a State must first do its part. President Roosevelt has gone even further, declaring the other day that the chief cities of a State must also show adequate action before federal funds would be forthcoming. More than 1,000,000 families in forty-three cities were supported from federal, State, and municipal relief funds in July at a cost of $25,000,000. Although for the nation as a whole there was a slight decrease in the number of families on relief in July as compared with June, the condition was by no means general. In New York City the number of families that had

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to be assisted increased by 10 per cent from June to July, although expenditures decreased by 13 per cent owing to exhaustion of funds and the necessity in consequence of a more niggardly distribution. A sharp protest against inadequate relief has just been made by a committee of prominent New Yorkers organized by the Federal Council of Churches.

> Whatever may be the underlying facts about the city administration in its political aspects, or in its relation to the State, the federal government, the bankers, and the taxpayers, we desire to protest in the name of humanity against this continued victimizing of our most defenseless citizens [says the committee]. The unemployed should not longer be tortured on the altar of inadequate management of the affairs of government.

OHIO is one of the States to which federal assistance has been refused on the ground that it was not doing enough on its own account toward unemployment relief. In consequence the situation in the commonwealth is exceedingly bad. In Cleveland the number of families on the relief lists dropped by 3 per cent in June from the number for May, but the cost rose 4 per cent owing to increases in the price of food. The Federated Press quotes the chairman of the county relief administration as saying:

> The fact that prosperity seems to be on the way back has created a serious situation, because thousands of people still without jobs are becoming restive and discontented as they read every day of others getting jobs. When they come to the Associated Charities and can't get enough to eat, that doesn't help. I think you gentlemen must realize what it would be like in Cleveland if 180,000 men, women, and children were told they must obtain their food as best they could.

The county budget commissioner struck a similar note in discussing the delay in getting relief for disabled veterans. "I have had committees of soldiers coming to my office in increasing numbers in the last few days, and they are not in any mood to be played with," he said. The Catholic Charities states that since February only emergency cases have been received in the charity wards, which means that there are now hundreds of sick people who have no way of obtaining medical care. Some 3,000 homeless children who are boarded in foster homes will be turned out in the streets if money is not provided shortly for their care.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT made no statement regarding his intentions after calling his new monetary experts into conference, so it seems probable that he has decided to let the currency question drift for the present. It is to be hoped, however, that he will consult a few more monetary experts before going further with Professor George Warren's plan for a "commodity" dollar. Whatever may be said about the merits of a so-called "managed currency"—and all currency must of course be managed to some extent—the overwhelming opinion among monetary experts has for decades been against the plan now urged by Professor Warren. While the ideal of a stable price level should not be lost sight of, the immediate need is to give American business men and the world generally a prompt knowledge of the exact level in terms of gold at which the dollar will in future be fixed. As soon as possible—and without waiting for the resumption of the World Economic Conference, if that dismal conference ever is resumed—negotiations should be begun quietly with Great Britain with the purpose of having both countries return to gold at the same time. Each country should be free to pick its own level of devaluation, although for the convenience of foreign traders and tourists it must be hoped that an even relationship between the two currencies can be agreed upon. When the United States and Great Britain have achieved an agreement, other nations might be invited to participate, but whether they choose to do so or not the two countries should go through with their program.

AS WE ALL KNOW, agreements under the NRA are voluntary. Employers of labor the country over are of their own free will hurrying to cooperate in a general endeavor to increase pay rolls and employment. There is nothing coercive about this plan; it is just a grand, nationwide, volunteer effort. And so, boys and girls, let's all get together and crucify anybody who holds back. Not legally; we really don't dare test the thing in the courts. Perhaps we couldn't get away with it. We'll simply boycott the dirty slackers—though their number, you understand, is negligible—and we'll hire private detectives to spy on them, and committees of housewives and unemployed society ladies will intimidate and report on them, and we'll print their names in the newspapers. And meanwhile good patriots will follow their political leaders blindly, for doing things blindly is the only way to get things done. This is *The Nation's* abbreviated translation of Hugh S. Johnson's speech on national recovery delivered the other day at the opening of the St. Louis NRA drive.

IN CASE ANYONE THINKS we have altered the sense, if we may dignify it with that term, of the General's words, we confidently refer him to the text of the address printed on Monday, August 14, and meanwhile we quote a few of his phrases in support of our version:

> If you see a place where there is none [no Blue Eagle] and you do any kind of business there, you have a right to ask: "Brother, where is your Blue Eagle?" and, if the answer does not seem fair, to take your business elsewhere. . . . A woman in defense of the support of her home is about as safe for triflers as a lioness at the door of a den full of cubs. Whenever an American housewife understands that the Blue Eagle on everything that she permits to come into her home is a symbol of its restoration to security, may God have mercy on the man or group of men who attempt to trifle with this bird. . . .
>
> At this time we ask only that you visualize the rare case of a man who has betrayed the confidence of the President and the people of this nation. . . . What should be done with such a man? As happened to Danny Deever . . . NRA will have to remove from him his badge of public faith and business honor and "tykin of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away" and break the bright sword of his commercial honor in the eyes of his neighbors—and throw the fragments—in scorn—in the dust at his feet. It is a sentence of economic death. It will never happen. The threat of it transcends any puny penal provisions in this law. . . .
>
> This single thing I know—that we are effecting the deliberate plan and judgment of one of the greatest champions of the mass of men that ever walked this earth—that where he leads I, for one, am proud to follow and, in this great crisis in the world's affairs, to follow blindly, for thus—and not otherwise—are human ends attained.

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THE ADMINISTRATION is still faced with a wheat-surplus problem. Despite the drought, which lowered the volume of the current crop to the lowest point in forty years, and despite the acreage-reduction plan, by which it is hoped to cut production in 1934 and 1935 by approximately 20 per cent, there will still be a fairly large carry-over of wheat in the country. On July 1 the carry-over stood at 350,000,000 bushels. It may be somewhat smaller by the end of the year. Nevertheless, it will be large enough to continue to depress prices in the domestic market. For this reason the Administration is giving much thought to plans for disposing of the surplus abroad. It has to decide whether it shall or can market the extra grain in an orderly manner or simply dump it. That it may not hesitate to resort to dumping was suggested by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace in a speech in Chicago a few weeks ago. He declared that the United States might elect to "dump its surplus into the world market at a price as low as twenty cents a bushel while holding the domestic price at around $1. It would be deplorable if that had to be done, but I think it is conceivable if necessary to bring down our wheat surplus." Mr. Wallace said this would depend in part on the ability of the international wheat conference to bring about a worldwide crop-reduction agreement. The conference recently adjourned until August 21, but perhaps it never will be any nearer definitive agreement than it was after several weeks of deliberation in June and July. Ultimate failure of the conference might precipitate an international wheat war similar to that which shook the world market in the autumn of 1930.

IN THAT EVENT the United States may have to bear the brunt of the criticism that will surely follow, especially because of its processing tax on wheat. This tax is applied only to grain earmarked for domestic consumption. Wheat destined for export is tax-free. Technically, of course, this tax does not enter into the cost of producing the wheat itself. Nor does it figure in the prices quoted on the grain exchanges. Yet it can and doubtless will be argued that the domestic price is actually thirty cents higher than the quoted price, or the world price, because the processors who buy the wheat to prepare it for domestic consumption are in fact paying thirty cents more for it. Hence the tax-free export wheat is being sold in the world market at a price below the domestic level, and that, in the opinion of many, constitutes dumping. Looked at another way, critics may argue that the subsidies being paid the wheat growers under the allotment plan have the effect of relieving them of a part of their production costs, so that any of their wheat entering the export trade may conceivably be sold at a price below the cost of production. Here again the charge of dumping can be raised. Lastly, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration is now considering ways and means of financing wheat sales abroad. If these financing projects follow the lines of the recent cotton deal with the Soviet Union, or the sale of wheat to the Chinese Nationalist Government, there can be no real objection. But if the transactions are so devised as to reduce the cost of the grain to the buyer, the United States must expect to be accused of dumping. When the Farm Board developed a scheme of this sort in February, 1931, Europe and the Argentine were furious. Their protests caused the board to drop its plan.

Cuba and the Future

MACHADO has fled. But not before his ruthlessness exacted a further toll in the massacre of twenty-one persons prematurely cheering reports of his resignation. Moreover, the chief criminal goes scot-free to enjoy the spoils of his dictatorship, while in two thousand Cuban homes there is mourning for the death at his hands of a husband, father, son, or brother. And beyond these individual tragedies, the damage which his eight years' tyranny wrought on the political, economic, social, and spiritual fabric of Cuba is incalculable. Machado's removal was the prerequisite to any new deal for Cuba and the working out of a new and better relationship between the two neighbor nations. Violent revolution, held in leash only by a well-equipped army—paid by the dollars lent by Broad Street—nearly overtook the evolutionary solution which Ambassador Welles was wisely seeking to bring about. His efforts, otherwise successful, fell short to the extent of the violence which occurred both before and after Machado's flight.

But Machado was after all but the symbol and culminating proof of failure. The task is to work out—on the basis of thirty-five years' experience—an entirely new program for the United States and Cuba. It is impossible to disassociate the two countries; impossible not to recognize that there is a common and overlapping interest involved in their propinquity and in their need for each other's products. And it is necessary for official America to recognize our large share of responsibility for what has happened to Cuba. The United States forced the Platt Amendment on the Cubans against their will. Our various types of interference—however well-intentioned—have neither achieved the objectives specified in the amendment nor promoted the welfare of the Cuban people or of the great body of Americans who have a material interest in Cuba both as consumers and as producers. As for the crowning infamy of Machado, let it be well understood that, despite our recent avowed "hands-off" policy, Machado derived from the United States the support which kept him in office. It was none other than President Calvin Coolidge who at the sixth Pan-American Congress at Havana in 1928 declared that Cuba's people were "independent, free, prosperous" and that they had "reached a position . . . in the genuine expression of their public opinion at the ballot-box . . . that has commanded universal respect and admiration." This was two years after Machado's terrorism had become notorious, after protests against it had been voiced on the floor of our Congress, and when only his suppression of public opinion and of free elections was enabling him to perpetuate himself in power.

Machado has been the servant of American banking and power interests. Between them, with a complacent State Department, they have maintained a government "adequate for the *destruction* of life, property, and individual liberty" (to paraphrase Article III of the Platt Amendment), have exploited the Cuban people, and have betrayed the good name, faith, and interest of the American people. No program that does not leave the Cubans free to liquidate these long-standing abuses—as Washington is seeking to liquidate corresponding abuses at home—can succeed in making "Cuba libre" other than an empty phrase.

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Sacco-Vanzetti—Six Years After

SINCE the execution of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti on August 22, 1927, it has been the custom of *The Nation* to recall the event annually not in a spirit of recrimination but as a reminder of the fallibility of our judicial system and in the hope of preventing certain current legal injustices from ending in such a ghastly tragedy as that perpetrated in Massachusetts six years ago. We are aware of no way in which Sacco and Vanzetti can more fittingly be remembered than by making an appeal in behalf of some of the present-day victims of legal oppression.

As we survey the national scene, we are glad to note that all but two of the victims of the Centralia hysteria have been released, and according to a recent announcement another was expected to be freed soon. On the other hand, California's long persecution of Tom Mooney still continues, and in other parts of the country more recent victims of mass fear and hatred call for our assistance. In New York City an Italian, Athos Terzani, has apparently been made the target of the enmity of a fascist organization known as the Khaki Shirts. Terzani was present at a meeting at which his friend Anthony Fierro was shot. The police, it is said, ignored plain evidence of the guilt of another man, and the Italian Assistant District Attorney in charge of the case obtained an indictment for murder against Terzani. Fierro's father has denounced the indictment, and a Terzani Defense Committee, headed by Norman Thomas, has established headquarters at 94 Fifth Avenue with a view to collecting funds and heading off another such miscarriage of justice as that which overtook Sacco and Vanzetti.

But perhaps the most outstanding example of judicial injustice in the country today is that of the continued imprisonment of the Scottsboro boys in the face of the complete demolition of the case against them by Judge Horton, Alabama's own chief participant in the legal proceedings. Nine youthful Negroes have been in jail for rape for more than two years upon evidence which Judge Horton has characterized as improbable and insufficient. It will be recalled that the boys were first convicted and sentenced to death at Scottsboro, Alabama, on the word of two white girls of poor reputation who claimed to have been the victims. The first convictions were set aside by the United States Supreme Court on the ground that the boys had not had proper representation by counsel. One of the prisoners was then retried at Decatur and again convicted, but the verdict was set aside last June by the presiding justice, Judge Horton. At the second trial one of the two girls, Ruby Bates, repudiated her previous testimony, leaving the State's case practically dependent upon the word of one girl contradicted by that of the other. It is worth recalling that in his decision Judge Horton did not refer to Ruby Bates's evidence. He found the story of the other girl, Victoria Price, in itself unconvincing.

> Her manner of testifying and demeanor on the stand militate against her [he said]. Her testimony was contradictory, often evasive, and time and again she refused to answer pertinent questions. The gravity of the offense and the importance of her testimony demanded candor and sincerity. In addition to this the proof tends strongly to show that she knowingly testified falsely in many material aspects of the case.

Of other evidence offered by the prosecution Judge Horton said:

> It corroborates Victoria Price slightly, if at all, and her evidence is so contradictory to the evidence of the doctors who examined her that it has been impossible for the Court to reconcile their evidence with hers.

In the face of this devastating analysis of the case against the Scottsboro boys, it would be a clear waste of money and an obvious injustice to continue the prosecution, and yet the very judge who made the ruling has so far refused to release the defendant on bail. The least that Alabama justice can do in behalf of the Scottsboro boys is promptly to release them on bail. The people of the State may then decide at a later date whether to go through the travesty of further trials or to dismiss the indictments.

Alabamans have been exceedingly touchy in regard to the intrusion of Northerners in the Scottsboro case. They ought to remember that even greater pressure has been brought to bear on Massachusetts, Washington, and California in regard to the Sacco-Vanzetti, Centralia, and Mooney-Billings cases, respectively, so that no issue of sectionalism is involved. It may be added also that no one of these cases was ever so blasted by its own judiciary as that of the Scottsboro boys has been by Judge Horton in his recent decision.

Also the longer release is denied to the Scottsboro victims the more intent will be the eyes of the rest of the country upon other prosecutions of a similar sort within the State. Indeed the shocking outburst of passion which has just led to a lynching had its origin in the Scottsboro case. Lawyers of the International Labor Defense, believing that three Negro prisoners at Tuscaloosa were about to become victims of a legal injustice similar to that visited upon the Scottsboro boys, attempted to take part in the trial, maintaining that they had an authorization to represent one of the defendants. The parents of the defendant in question denied this in court, but the lawyers say this action was forced upon them. Later the lawyers were "escorted" from the town for their own "safety" by National Guardsmen. Probably the feeling stirred up by the visit of the lawyers was responsible for the subsequent lynching. Tuscaloosa, therefore, is blaming the International Labor Defense for the tragedy. Actually, Alabama justice is to blame, especially the Scottsboro trial, which excited wide fear in the United States—later confirmed by Judge Horton's decision—that Negroes accused of rape or murder of white persons were likely to be convicted by passion rather than by evidence.

We hope Governor Miller is serious in his announced intention to prosecute those responsible for the lynching by the Tuscaloosa mob. The indications are that the officials who released the three Negro prisoners to the lynchers were guilty either of an intentional or a cowardly betrayal of their trust.

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Is Internationalism Doomed?

THE outcome of the World Economic Conference was a sad blow to those liberal spirits everywhere who had entertained even moderate hopes of witnessing some measure of international cooperation. It is perhaps wise, therefore, to ask ourselves at this time whether even these moderate hopes were and still are illusory. An increasing chorus seems to be assuring us that they are. John Strachey, in "The Coming Struggle for Power," sounds the death-knell of internationalism writing from the Marxist standpoint; Clark Foreman, in the *New Republic,* sounds it writing from a fascist standpoint; and J. M. Keynes, in the *Yale Review,* sounds it writing from a liberal standpoint.

Before resigning ourselves to an era of complete nationalism, however, we might examine the arguments of these prophets more closely. Let us start with Mr. Keynes, the converted liberal. He begins by telling us that he was brought up, like most Englishmen, to respect free trade not only as an economic doctrine which a rational and instructed person could not doubt, but almost as a part of the moral law. What has now converted him appears to be not any belief that his previous logic was false but merely that it was incomplete. First, for example, he considers the question of peace. "It does not now seem obvious that a great concentration of national effort on the capture of foreign trade, that the penetration of a country's economic structure by the resources and the influence of foreign capitalists, and that a close dependence of our own economic life on the fluctuating economic policies of foreign countries are safeguards and assurances of international peace." He is convinced, further, that the growing divorce between ownership and management, serious enough within a country, becomes much more serious when capital moves across foreign boundaries. He has come to believe, again, that under our modern methods of mass production the economic advantages of the international division of labor today are not at all comparable with what they were. At any event, it may be worth paying a certain price to secure the advantages of "gradually bringing the product and the consumer within the ambit of the same national, economic, and financial organization." Finally, one by one the great nations of the world, Russia, Italy, Ireland, Germany, the United States, are turning towards new modes of political economy, and each wishes to try its own special form of national planning. While it is doing this, it cannot afford to leave itself at the mercy of the unrestricted play of world economic forces. Thus, "the policy of an increased national self-sufficiency is to be considered not as an ideal in itself but as directed to the creation of an environment in which other ideals can be safely and conveniently pursued."

This argument cannot be lightly dismissed. Certainly we do not want to return to the kind of "internationalism" represented by our reckless foreign loans in the twenties, nor to a resumption of economic imperialism. Certainly we must learn to work out some direct control of new foreign long-term lending, not merely with the purpose of passing on the nature and quality of specific loans and their possible consequences, but with the purpose of limiting the total volume of such loans. But it is one thing to resolve to avoid new entanglements; it is another to attempt to sever suddenly those that we already have. Americans still own billions of dollars worth of foreign securities, and have sunk hundreds of millions in establishing factories abroad. A sudden policy of "nationalism" now, which would refuse to accept interest or principal on these loans, or would refuse to allow the profits of the factories to be remitted back home, would amount to a free gift of all these billions to foreigners. If we are to follow the genuinely nationalistic policy of making no new loans, and withdrawing from Europe by getting our old ones paid back, or even of trying to get interest on our present loans, then we must let down our tariff barriers and consent to take such payment in its only possible form, an excess of imports. The fears of our pseudo-nationalists that such an excess of imports would ruin American manufacturers are misplaced. For Americans who had invested their money abroad would not be buying these added foreign goods *instead* of American goods; they would be buying them *in addition* to American goods and other imports. For Europe in that case would not merely send us the goods; it would send these investors the money to buy them with.

Mr. Keynes does not advocate nationalism without qualification. He still believes that "a considerable degree of international specialization is necessary in a rational world in all cases where it is dictated by wide differences of climate, natural resources, native aptitudes, level of culture, and density of population." He does not wish it to be supposed that he indorses everything done today in the name of economic nationalism. He even wishes that the World Economic Conference had achieved a mutual reduction of tariffs. And he makes this proviso: "Those who seek to disembarrass a country of its entanglements should be very slow and wary. It should not be a matter of tearing up roots but of slowly training a plant to grow in a different direction."

Unfortunately, this qualification of four lines will probably attract little attention in an article of fifteen pages. It happens, however, to be of the utmost importance, and this importance Mr. Keynes does not remotely indicate. This "training" is not a matter of months or years but of decades. Fifty-five per cent of the cotton growers of the South, to take but one example, are raising cotton solely for the foreign market; if that market disappears, they must go out of business. Can we continue to support them indefinitely out of subsidies? The same problem arises in different degree in regard to our tobacco and wheat growers, our copper and oil industries, our equipment for turning out automobiles, agricultural machinery, printing machinery, sewing machines, typewriters, locomotives.

And national planning is certainly not in itself a reason for barring imports. To begin with, it is the business of a national plan, certainly at the beginning, to adjust itself to the existing balance of industry within the country rather than to expect the latter to adjust itself suddenly to an arbi-

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trary plan. So far the National Recovery Administration has not attempted to dictate the exact size, absolute or relative, of any industry. It is true that the NRA has somewhat raised our costs of production, but our tariff is already so high that even after a substantial reduction it might not let in enough foreign goods to pay the full interest on our foreign loans.

John Strachey's argument differs from Keynes's in that while Keynes argues that a moderate nationalism is desirable, Strachey merely holds that an increasingly violent nationalism is inevitable. He maintains that under capitalism monopoly tends constantly to increase, and that monopoly and nationalism are closely related, because national monopolies seek and get protection. But even if we grant this argument, the time element is still important, and it may be not unreasonable to hope that even in capitalistic countries tariffs may be reduced below their present preposterous levels during the next decade or two. After all, it is well to remind ourselves that the tariffs of the seventeenth century were worse than those of the nineteenth, and that Adam Smith himself in his day was not much more sanguine over the prospects of free trade than Mr. Strachey is now. "Not only the prejudices of the public," wrote Smith, "but what is much more unconquerable, the private interests of many individuals, irresistibly oppose it." Finally, it must be said that none of the intellectual defenses of nationalism so far written by any economist of standing bear any relation to the insane policies actually prevailing. For it is not national self-containment that most of the statesmen now in power want; it is high-pressure exports without imports. And for this Mr. Strachey has suggested the only solution: the creation of an international dump for commodities somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic.

What to Do with Germany

THE joint French and English offensive against Hitler on behalf of Austria has met with an indignant protest from the Nazi government that this "mixing in the German-Austrian impasse was inadmissible"; that it "failed to see any reason for the application of the Four-Power Treaty in this instance." According to the dispatches, the French and English governments are not dismayed by this rebuff and there is good reason to believe that if the Hitlerite offensive against Austria continues, it will be taken to the League of Nations. At any moment the menace of Hitlerism may force a grave international crisis.

There are, for example, the recurring reports that the French have definite facts as to the secret arming of Germany. Much damaging information, it is stated, has been received from German exiles in France, Austria, and Switzerland. On July 25 the British Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office declared in Parliament that the German Air Minister (the notorious Captain Göring) had expressed to the British air-attaché his ministry's desire to purchase twenty-five to fifty British-built aircraft for police purposes. The British Charge d'Affaires in reply officially notified the German government that "his Majesty's government could not countenance the sale of British aircraft to the German government for purposes forbidden by the Paris air agreement." That the Hitler government intends to arm Germany as rapidly as possible permits of no doubt. The whole Nazi teaching is based upon the principle of an armed Germany for whose military forces the women are being urged and financially aided to bear as many children as possible. What the Allies face is the simple question whether or not they shall sit quietly by while Germany arms in violation of the peace treaty.

If it is a simple question, the answer is extraordinarily difficult, especially for those who are convinced of the futility of force. How, it is asked, can people who opposed the foolish policy of encircling Russia by bayonets evolved at the Peace Conference in 1919, contemplate joint action against Germany in 1933 because of the form and the conduct of its internal affairs by its de facto government? To this the answer is made that Germany is today a far greater menace to the stability, peace, and order of Europe than the Soviets have been at any time. More important than that, it is stressed that Germany has not only given her word in the Treaty of Versailles but is bound by the Locarno treaties and now by the Four-Power Pact, and that, therefore, the case of Germany is far different from that of the Soviets at the time of the encirclement projected by Versailles, when all treaties between Russia and the rest of the world had been abrogated by the revolution.

When all is said and done, however, it comes down to the fact that Germany has a government which is officially teaching its people that it was victorious in the World War and that it must seek by force to regain the German colonies, to seize additional Russian territory, to reconquer the Polish Corridor, and to win back the lost Danish territory, as well as Eupen Malmedy and Alsace-Lorraine. Were Hitler to succeed in adding Austria to Germany, he would be emboldened to attempt other aggressions; he would be able to assure his deluded people that he had bluffed the Allies into yielding on the political union of Austria with Berlin or its control from there, whereas only a few years ago England, France, and Italy had forbidden the economic union of the two countries. Again, should Hitler successfully breach the peace treaties in one place, he would certainly find plenty of excuses for defying or violating them elsewhere.

Facing all these facts, we are inclined to believe that the nations are justified in going far to enforce the disarmament clauses of the Peace Treaty in an effort to stave off the final catastrophe which another world war would spell. No one nation should, however, act alone as France did in the Ruhr. It must be a joint move by all the countries of Europe—whether Italy will go along is one of the vital parts of the problem—together with the United States, acting through the League or under the Pact of Paris, and it should be based upon the provision of the Versailles treaty which prohibits the rearming of Germany. It should and could be enforced, not by marching troops into Germany, but by the use of the economic boycott, the breaking-off of intercourse, and the sending of Germany to Coventry. Such a course offers the only peaceful method of preventing the madmen now in control of the German people from threatening, not only personal and intellectual liberty everywhere, but another worldwide war.

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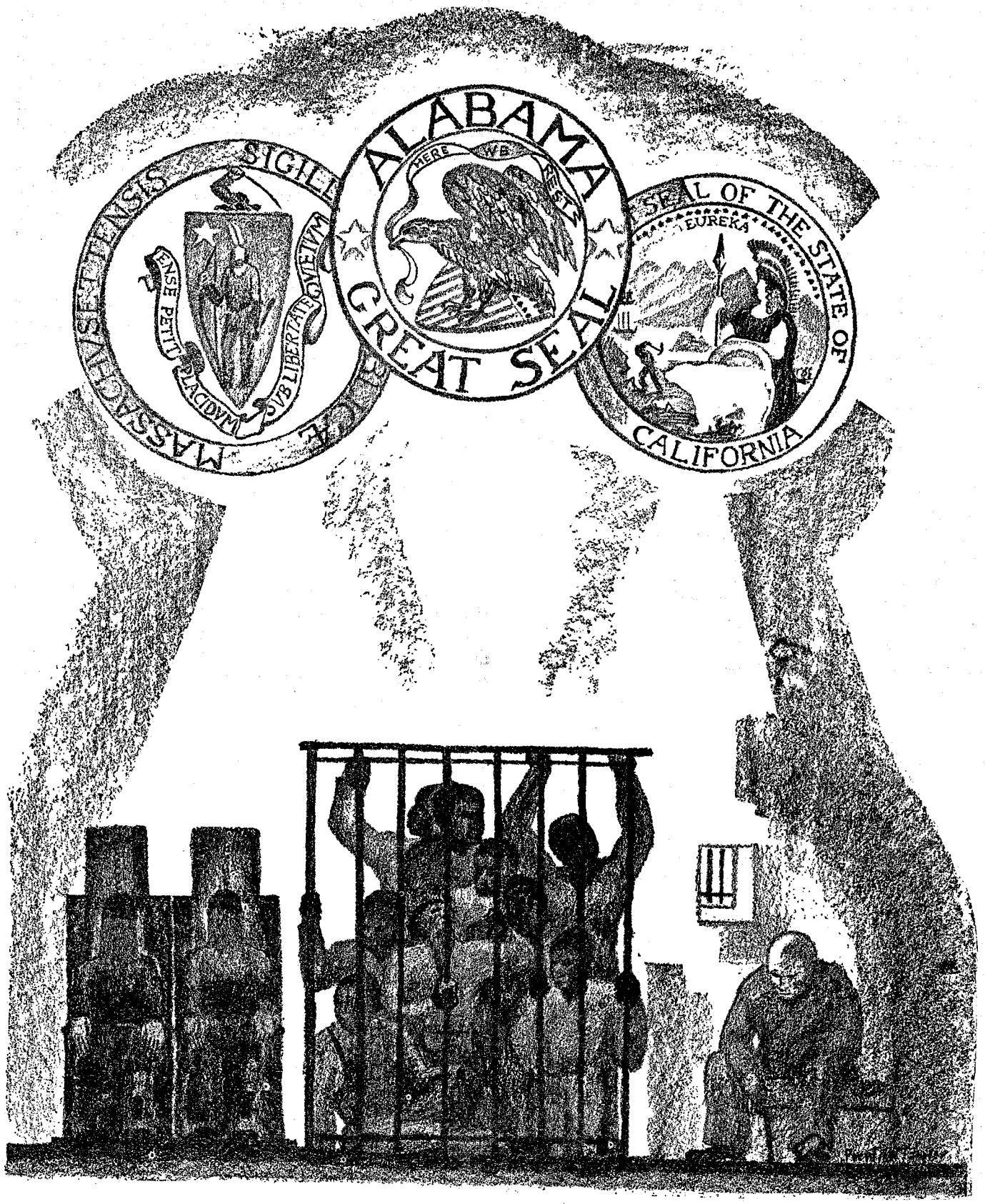

SACCO AND VANZETTI THE SCOTTSBORO BOYS TOM MOONEY

Given Under These Our Seals . . .

A Drawing by Prentiss Taylor

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Issues and Men

On Making Fun of Oswald G. Villard

SOMEBODY on the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*—I suspect that it is a brilliant young Irishman, Ralph Coghlan by name—has been making fun of Oswald G. Villard, "grizzled and battle-worn ex-editor of *The Nation*." Perhaps some of the readers of this journal remember who he is? At any rate, it appears that this ex-editor wrote a piece, on returning to this country recently, in which he gave thanks for some of the good things accomplished by the Roosevelt Administration, such as the abolition of child labor, the altered popular attitude toward radical social changes, and so on. So this somebody in the St. Louis office, in search of a topic on a very hot day, dwelt with joy upon the ex-editor's "bursting into cheers," "blessing his stars," and salaaming "respectfully three times to the East" in gratitude to Mr. Roosevelt. This, the *Post-Dispatch* editor thinks, is an event "comparable with such historical wonders as the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, the fall of the Bastille, and the surrender of Cornwallis." Why? Because this man Villard usually surveys "the political scene with undisguised unhappiness, contempt, and, on occasion, something approaching despair." According to his friends, says the *"P-D."*, he is "the greatest crusading journalist in this country," but they have "often privately lamented what they consider his constitutional inability to be satisfied."

Well, this is delightful and kindly fooling—and complimentary at that. As one who may claim to being deeper in the confidence of the aforesaid Mr. Villard than any one else, I happen to know that he is greatly flattered at being considered an editorial dog-days topic. Furthermore he happens to be one of those men who like a joke on themselves better than one on anybody else. Nevertheless, his laughter having subsided, and his pleased smile faded, he could not help indulging in some serious musings and reflections. Here they are—with the ex-editor's leave to print.

First, the most flattering part of the charge that he is never satisfied and is always and ever finding fault is that this charge was brought against each and every one of his predecessors in the editorship of *The Nation* and will be brought against every one of his successors—if they do their job well and live up to this journal's traditions. It was first heard in 1865, the year *The Nation* was founded, and it was brought against its first editor, another brilliant Irishman, Edwin L. Godkin by name, during every year of his editorship and never ceased to be heard after he graduated from *The Nation* to the editorship of the New York *Evening Post*.

Mr. Godkin was so little satisfied with what he beheld in the American scene that this convinced and confirmed democrat was constantly being admonished "to go back where he came from if he could not find anything more to praise." "The chronic scold" was one of his usual designations. It was asserted that he "made virtue odious" every evening; that he upheld impossible standards and expected of politicians more than frail human nature in office could possible give. Widely it was said that he was the despair of his friends who privately thought him a modern Jeremiah and also "constantly lamented what they considered his constitutional inability to be satisfied." Never did any other editor earn so great a chorus of editorials in this strain. That he never laughed, that he was utterly destitute of humor and never, never praised anyone was also asserted by those who did not know him and read him but superficially. Faith and hope and confidence in the success of the great American experiment were always denied to him in the editorial sanctums of other newspapers.

Yet the facts were that he criticized only commensurately with the extent of his love for the country of his adoption; that he had a superabundance of humor and was forever seeing the humorous side of things: that his nature was essentially cheerful and that he had an abiding faith in the triumph of his ideals without which he could not have carried on for nearly forty years; and that he praised warmly and freely whenever he could. The truth is that he disturbed those people who do not like any criticism of the status quo and irked those who like only a little faultfinding and then only when it pleases them. Finally, people who had few or alterable standards disliked Mr. Godkin because his principles were fixed and immutable and because he set his standards for men in public life as high as possible and kept to them without any compromises or yielding whatsoever. Mr. Villard recalled all this of the man at whose feet he once sat, and wondered, with gratitude to the *Post-Dispatch,* whether he might by some stretch of the imagination attribute to himself a tithe of the steadfastness of his teacher and predecessor. He could not. He could only "thank his stars" again—this time that the St. Louis paper possessed so kindly a sense of humor.

Next a curious thought came to this "grizzled and battle-worn ex-editor." It was that of all the long list of his journalistic sins of omission and commission he is nowhere more vulnerable than in the enthusiasms he once showed for certain public men and the praise he then showered upon them—Charles E. Hughes and Woodrow Wilson, for example, the one a Republican and the other a Democrat. To them he once gave a devotion and faith which make curious and rather deadly reading today. And he stumbled not without warning. There was Frank H. Simonds. When he was Albany correspondent of the *Evening Post* and the ex-editor was its manager and Mr. Hughes was Governor of New York, Frank Simonds constantly warned his chief that the Governor was not the true liberal and reformer he appeared to be and that he would yet prove this. And the second editor of *The Nation,* Wendell P. Garrison, used to point to Mr. Wilson's third-rate and unreliable history of the United States, its faulty logic, his lack of detachment on sectional issues, and his often uneven mental processes as proof that he could never be a great and trustworthy leader of the people.

And this is only part of a considerable list in regard to which the ex-editor's enthusiasms, his eager desire for men

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whom he could praise whole-heartedly and follow without reserve, have led him astray. He did not forget that the *Post-Dispatch* was merely joking, but if only people knew how hard it is to be so seldom able to praise honestly!

Some of the ex-editor's critics have attributed these errors to a certain "childish faith in the usefulness of good men"; others to unquenchable optimism, and undaunted faith in the final triumph of his lost causes. Perhaps. But whatever the real reason, it was not a predisposition to dissent and to find fault, but the very reverse! And so, still musing, the ex-editor signs himself once more

Oswald Garrison Villard

Strike Truce in Pennsylvania

By DANIEL ALLEN

Fayette County, August 12

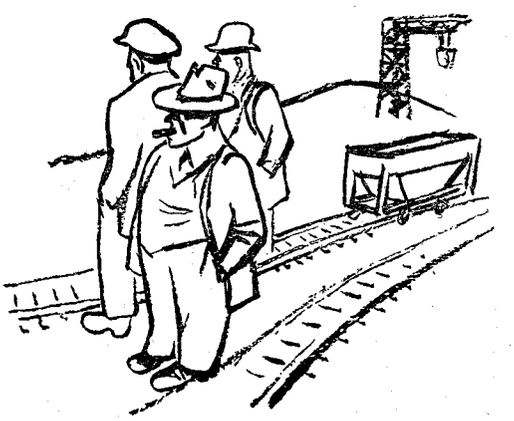
"WELL, it looks like it's all over now," people down here are saying. The newspapermen are leaving. The girls are looking around for their regular boy friends now that the departure of the National Guardsmen is imminent. The union leaders are beginning to settle back a bit; they have had a close shave.

It seemed for a moment that the men would go right on striking in defiance of their leaders and even the government. The agreement was no agreement without union recognition. Of course, the Administration got busy and McGrady, as a local business man had it, gave the boys a song-and-dance. Come back for Roosevelt, the man who'll do right by little labor. When before had a President of the United States sent his personal representative down to talk to striking workers? William Feeney, president of District No. 4 of the United Mine Workers of America, whom the men had a moment before disregarded, was able now to speak of them as having "misunderstood" the agreement. After all, you couldn't blame poor coal miners for misunderstanding official language. The Hearst Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph* correspondent was expansively sympathetic. "Hell," he said to a puzzled-looking fellow, "even a lawyer'd have a job making it all out, so where do we newspapermen and coal miners come in?" Newspapermen and coal miners, McGrady and the soot-faced hunky loading the next wagon, Judge Musmano who is running for reëlection in Pittsburgh posing in miners' grays "enjoying a snack in the pit," Doc Springer on the radio who "never lies to miners," and that "honest-to-God man, Franklin D. Roosevelt," me, and J. P. Morgan partnership! The men no longer misunderstand, they have been hurrahed into as nice an understanding as anybody could wish.

Drawings by William Gropper

Striking Miners

They have gone back to the mines. Where they have not yet gone back they are meeting to vote the question. Curiously, the H. C. Frick miners who were the first to strike were among the first to go back. The Vesta mines, the Clyde mines, in Washington County, have not, as I write, resumed operations. There are also stray mines in Greene County and certain of the Pittsburgh Coal (Mellon) mines where proper arrangements have not been made for scales and checkweighmen. Last week it was all a matter of the union and union recognition; now, where the men are still out the large issue has simmered down to a pathetically stubborn insistence on small things. Give us those scales, we want those scales, maybe we're crazy to be making such a fuss over scales, but that's how we are, so give them to us. It is not that the checkweighmen and the scales are unimportant, but that the companies have shown in the past that they can get around them. What is needed is a big victory on an all-inclusive issue like that of the union. In 1922 the H. C. Frick Company actually equipped itself with scales, but as soon as the strike had fizzled out on account of Lewis's separate agreement with the closed-shop mines, the scales were put aside. The men know this and they know also how easily scales and checkweighmen can be tampered with. They are making this fuss less because they think the particular cause warrants it than because they have an intense need to be making some sort of a fuss.



"Company Men"

This strike has had a tremendous force back of it. A clerk in a company office put it this way: "In 1922, the men came out for the union. It was something ahead of them which they wanted which brought them out. Now it's not

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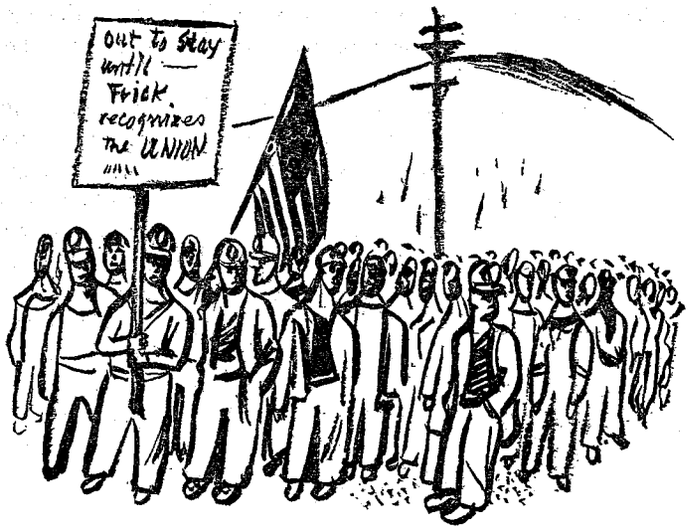
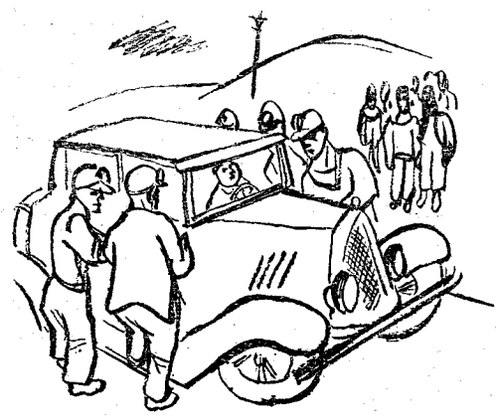
what they want which has brought them out, it's not what's ahead of them. It's what's behind them, 1922 and these last miserable years. That's why it's going to be impossible to bulldoze them for very long this time." All of this emotional pressure has gone into the demand for the union. But the President and General Johnson will be taking care of that now. So, grumbling, many go back, saying, "Wait, we'll see" to their upwelling indignation. And others, unable to put the lid on quite so readily, pick on the smaller



Picket Line

grievances to let off steam. For after all, if you're taking the government's word and are willing to wait for union recognition, you should also take the government's word and be willing to wait for scales. The trouble is, of course, that the men are in no mood to do any waiting at all.

Everyone I have spoken to, with very few exceptions, has admitted that there was nothing particularly cogent in Mr. McGrady's argument, that there was nothing, in fact, in it which when their leaders presented it they hadn't rejected. Why have the men gone back? It was a playing on the mob and a mob response. Corner them individually and all you will get out of them is that there's no use staying out when everybody's going back. Get them together and stick a rah-rah boy from Washington on a box and you can almost get them to agree to Joe Grundy on the arbitration board. I attended a meeting at Colonial No. 4 after the return to work at most mines. Here, too, they had gone back, but Martin Ryan, their leader and elected checkweighman, had not been accepted by the superintendent of the H. C. Frick Company. So they had walked



Picketers Looking for Scabs

right out again. But three very important gentlemen, rushed down here by Pinchot, had only to pout and the few nays could hardly be heard for the ayes to go back. Were the men going to show Roosevelt that they were as hard to deal with as the companies? That was exactly what the companies wanted him to believe. Striking is good for the companies. Striking is terribly bad for you miners. Just give the Administration a chance.

The men are giving Roosevelt a chance. That is what lies back of what seems to be their easy credulity. But only a chance, is what I hear everywhere. "We come right out again if code no good. This time when we come out we stay out." The operators are proving recalcitrant in Washington. The men are following the news closely, edition by edition. They are giving Roosevelt a chance because they want to make sure of all possibilities. It is a mistake to think of them as simple men, the easy prey of demagogy. Men around here who have been accustomed to think of them as dumb hunkies are changing their minds. The big hurrah is to be understood in its time setting. The men had that one hurrah left in their systems. As soon as the immediate intoxication was over, and with many while it was on, critical reservations found expression. Why were two big capitalists like Swope and Kirstein put on the arbitration board? Why should it be necessary to read between the lines when what they want can very well be written in the lines?

The atmosphere is still grim and tense. Official eyes are open for agitators. The National Guardsmen patrol the streets and roads against pickets from mines yet closed. H. C. Frick has again shown its hand in engineering the

State Troopers on Guard

arrest of Martin Ryan who up to the last minute insisted that the strike continue. The men are waiting for the code, but the discrepancy between the spoken and the written word of the steel operators has taught them cynicism. A new walk-out may occur on almost any provocation. It is sure to follow the adoption of the kind of code which now seems likely.

Mary Van Kleeck has charged the Administration with being anti-strike. Not the strike but the conference table is to be labor's instrument. Labor, of course, may not see the point right away. It may have to be shown. The rod has never quite lost its place in pedagogy.

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Exit Machado

By HUBERT HERRING

Havana, August 11

THERE are lines of men and women on the roofs of the houses along the Malecon. With opera glasses, field glasses, hour after hour they watch the horizon. They are waiting for the gunboats, for the marines who are surely coming from Washington, from the land which forced the Platt Amendment upon the Cuban people, with its solemn pledge that Cuba shall have a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty. . . . A boat appears and a cry goes up. It is only a freighter. All day long, all week, this has kept up. One question is passed from mouth to mouth: When will the gunboats come?

"Tell me something, anything, now," says the wife of an A. B. C. leader who is in hiding. Her face is white, there is terror in her eyes. "Tell me something that will help me to wait through the night. When are the Americans coming?"

Two impressions Cuba makes on me this week—of ineffable dignity and of utter terror. The dignity of Cuba is revealed in the general strike which has been gathering momentum each day for a week. The economic life of Havana and all Cuba is at a standstill. Nominally it is a strike of the bus operators, who refused longer to tolerate the exactions of Machado's straw-boss mayor, José Izquierdo. Actually all of their demands were granted last week, but the strike goes on. No railroads, no automobiles (except the private cars of the intrepid), no street cars, no newspapers, no mails, no telegraph. All shops are closed, save a few drug stores and an occasional bodega where a policeman has kicked open the door and forced the shopkeeper to do business at the point of a gun. Restaurants and hotels serve no meals—with a few solitary and clandestine exceptions. There is no ice, garbage is not collected, even the physicians are on strike. Food supplies are rapidly being exhausted, but the people are quiet. There is elation in the air. The people in their doorways wear a new dignity, for Cuba has asserted itself, Cuba has recovered her soul. The Cuban general strike is a national strike against the intolerable Machado, nothing more nor less, and in the unanimity and faithfulness of the strike Cuba has found new dignity.

Terror walks the streets. Monday afternoon at five, a voice was heard over the radio, "The monster has resigned. Get out into the streets and shout." It was a government agent pretending to speak for the A. B. C. The crowds streamed out, up the Prado, through the Central Park, out before the Capitol, four or five thousand, all shouting under the release of the news. They were met by the police and the Porra. Machine-gun fire was turned upon the crowds. They ran down the side streets. I saw some hundreds turn down past the National Palace headed for the American Embassy. At the palace more soldiers opened fire. I saw this with my own eyes. It was sheer wanton unprovoked murder. At least twenty were killed and a hundred wounded. These are conservative figures. Double them and they may still be within the truth.

For a week the terror has continued. The streets are practically deserted. Each morning one hears of new murders. The deposed but undaunted chief of police Aincairt, drunk most of the time, ranges about in an armed car. The Porra adds daily to its toll. The murders are not political. The dead are the common people of the streets, the bystanders, shopkeepers, women who were standing in doorways, children.

Two men occupy the spotlight. General Gerardo Machado y Morales hides on his farm outside the city, heavily guarded. He is a mad man tracked to his last refuge. Angrily he lashes out against the politicians who show signs of abandoning him, and against the American Ambassador. Through the actions of the police and the Porra he is having his last mad vengeance on his opponents. Over the radio he pronounces a panegyric on Cuba's threatened sovereignty, and makes himself the symbol of Cuba's hopes. Chief target for his scorn is the Ambassador.

In the American Embassy, unguarded save by two Cuban police, Sumner Welles is working day and night. Welles has a tenacious faith in the power of conciliation. "There have been no ultimata," he repeats again and again. He has not lost his temper in the face of the president's abuse and double dealing. He has consulted and conferred. The party leaders have come to him as a friendly arbiter. He has refused to give up faith in the possibility of a just and generous solution. At the same time, he has been readily accessible to every appeal for help. At all hours of the day and night he has been called up to intercede for some one whose life was threatened.

The terror of today is Machado's answer to Sumner Welles. Mr. Welles reached Cuba something over three months ago. The situation was desperate. But the new Ambassador did not come with a big stick; he came rather in the role of a mediator. The President of Cuba was given his chance to save his face, to retire gracefully and safely, and to save Cuba from further agony. His mediatorial services were accepted by all sectors of the opposition, save the students and the Menocalistas: they were accepted by the government parties. Machado seemed honest in his willingness to cooperate. A plan was evolved which respected Cuba's sovereignty, which provided a calm adjustment of all issues, which made way for participation by all sectors, and which promised to Machado and his associates a reasonably dignified exit from the stage upon which they had performed so badly. During two months this plan has been developed. Representatives of the various sectors have drafted the constitutional reforms. These were to have gone to Congress this week. Had it not been for the events of this week, the work of mediation would have proceeded without break, the necessary constitutional changes would have been voted, the constituent assembly would have met, a vice-president would have been elected, and by February Machado could have retired to more friendly shores, while the torn fabric of Cuban politics was slowly mended.

The sober counsels of Mr. Welles are for the moment

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defeated. It is a tragedy, and the responsibility rests squarely upon Machado. Machado has blocked and double-crossed the mediation at every turn. He announced to Congress that the Ambassador was acting on his own initiative, that he did not represent Washington. He boasted that he could rid Cuba of the Ambassador within five days if he so chose. He has deliberately encouraged violence in order to discredit the opposition forces. To the credit of the A. B. C. it should be added that they have refused to be stampeded and have loyally worked for a pacific solution. Machado pledged safety for the returned exiles, but has allowed the Porra to hound them and molest them. Four of the outstanding leaders of the A. B. C. are today in hiding.

Machado is responsible for the strike. He has kept the men in power who provoked the disputes. Machado has broken faith, and the sufferings of the Island are to be assessed against him. He was given his last chance to regain the reputation which he once held of a patriot who honored his country above himself. The last chapter is his final act of treason.

As these words are written, it is impossible to say what the next twenty-four hours will bring. Anarchy is imminent. The food shortage is serious. A solution must be quickly reached. Acting on this conviction, Mr. Welles went into conference with the leaders of the three major parties—the popular, the conservative, and the liberal. With the practically unanimous backing of the first two, and substantial backing from the third, he proposed a plan for the breaking of the deadlock. According to the terms of this plan the mediation will proceed upon the agreement that half of the House and all of the Senate retire next year, allowing almost a clean sweep for a new political deal. Needless to say, the plan provides for the stepping down of Machado.

Machado's going has its sobering aspect. Not that there is reason to regret the inglorious end of a man who has made a shambles of an island where nature ordained so much of loveliness. Not that. But after all what business have we to tell the president of a sovereign neighbor to get out? We are helping Cuba clean house, because the mess is partly of our making. Machado's presidency was made in American counting houses. He was kept in power by the willingness of the Chase bank to pay his bad debts. We Americans must confess our share of responsibility for the bitter years of Machado's tyranny. But that is not enough. Having lent a hand in ousting Machado, we cannot rest nor cry all's well until we have lent Cuba a hand in clipping the wings of those American financial interests which have created an effective slave state in a Cuba which seeks to be free. That is next week's task. Sufficient unto this week is the satisfaction that mad Machado is going.

The Drive for Spoils

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, August 11

IT is a little more than five months since the Democratic Party came into power. At that time the stage was set for a spoils carnival of unprecedented proportions. The Democrats had been out of office since 1921. They saw before them an opportunity to take care of those who had faithfully supported them through the twelve lean years, and they looked upon the vast federal patronage as material with which to create a national machine that would go a long way toward keeping them in office. Under the authority of a resolution sponsored by Senator McKellar of Tennessee, the Civil Service Commission undertook a "federal patronage census." It found that no fewer than 81,000 jobs were at the disposal of the President. Only once before in recent years had a similar census been made. That was in the first Wilson Administration, but then only a few copies were printed and these were privately distributed to Senators. On the other hand, thousands of copies of the McKellar census were printed and broadcast through the country. They were hawked about the streets of Washington at ten to twenty-five cents a copy.

Even 81,000 jobs were not enough for the Democrats. At the recent special session they added another 35,000 to 40,000 by exempting from the civil-service requirements all positions created under the Roosevelt emergency program. There were many protests against this raw exhibition of spoils politics, especially from the federal employees' unions and the National Civil Service Reform League. The latter warned that this policy would lead "to greater waste, corruption, and extravagance." But the Democrats paid no heed. Not only were they under obligations to regular party workers who were hungry for office, not only was each Democratic Senator and Representative anxious to strengthen himself politically, but the party as a whole was under unbelievable pressure to find jobs for Democratic voters because of the nationwide unemployment situation. Since November Washington had been overrun with unemployed men and women who had voted for Roosevelt. Some were taken care of on March 4 by appointment to minor positions, but there were not nearly enough such jobs to go around, and these unemployed Democrats continued to haunt, and have since been haunting, the corridors of the Senate and House office buildings and the several department buildings. Other tens of thousands, lacking the fare to Washington, have been sending their appeals for jobs by mail and telegraph.

Postmaster-General Farley, as chief patronage dispenser for the Administration, has been bearing the brunt of the drive for spoils, a task he clearly enjoys. He has been disarmingly frank in his attitude. In a recent magazine article he declared that he was interested mainly in fortifying the President's political position. He said Republicans would be retained only in those jobs for which no qualified Democrats were available, and that among the qualified Democrats preference would be given to those who had supported Roosevelt before the Chicago convention. He paid his compliments to the merit system by adding that "loyalty is an aspect of merit. One of my chief duties is to pass on the loyalty of the applicants. Politics, the editorial writers hint, enters into my consideration. Of course it does."

The Farley program has alarmed many good people,

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and surely not without justification. There have been whispers that the Postmaster-General is overreaching himself and will wreck the party. In other quarters it is charged that the spoils campaign has already doomed the Roosevelt recovery experiment. Too many party hacks, it is said, have been put in charge of vital sections of the recovery program. There can be no denying that there is some truth in these charges. The drive for spoils has been terrific, relentless. A number of incompetents and other persons of questionable integrity have been worked into key positions in the government. It is true, moreover, that many Democrats, particularly those from the Southern States, would like to make political pie out of the whole government from top to bottom. They have certainly been working frantically to realize that end, using every kind of political coercion at their command. And in this they have been going to ridiculous lengths. Their demand that they be given the eight hundred jobs in the Library of Congress, which has always been kept out of spoils politics, offers a case in point.

Yet without in the least apologizing for the Democrats, one must, for the sake of accuracy, point out that the spoilsmen have not had anything like the success the rumor-mongers credit them with. One need only look back to 1921 to obtain a fair comparison. In that year the Ohio Gang took Washington by storm. There was hardly a single government department or bureau that did not fall prey to Daugherty and his henchmen. If any set of spoilsmen ever came close to wrecking the government, it was this plunderbund that invaded Washington after the election of Warren Harding. On the other hand, Farley and his lieutenants, ambitious though they certainly are, have been effectively blocked in all but a handful of government offices by two nominal Republicans, Secretaries Ickes and Wallace. It is possible, of course, as the pressure of the spoilsmen has not relaxed for a moment, that the Ickes-Wallace opposition may yet break down. If that happens, we shall most likely see a repetition of the follies of 1921, and perhaps on a more extravagant scale, for the political jobs and other spoils available today are more numerous and attractive than twelve years ago.

I have no desire to minimize the gains the spoilsmen have scored to date. They have found the situation much to their taste in such branches of the government as the Department of Justice, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. The Department of Justice under Attorney General Cummings will certainly bear watching. The solicitor-generalship, after having been offered to Felix Frankfurter, was given to J. Crawford Biggs, who was one of A. Mitchell Palmer's lieutenants and whose name was associated with the oil scandals when it was brought up for confirmation in the Senate at the recent special session. Pat Malloy, a party worker for whom Farley felt a place had to be found and who had nothing else to recommend him, has been appointed Assistant Attorney General. At least one other Cabinet member refused to accept him. J. Edgar Hoover, formerly chief investigator for the department, has been named chief of the newly formed division of investigations. Hoover was originally appointed under Palmer, but found no difficulty in working for Harry Daugherty and his successors. His office was instrumental in preparing the charges, later proved false, against Senator Wheeler of Montana because of the part Wheeler played in exposing the scandals of the Harding Administration. Cummings himself is an unaggressive and politically minded office-holder.

Jesse Jones, former Democratic national treasurer, is chairman of the R.F.C., which has made room for a number of the party faithful. Among them is Clem Shaver, former Democratic national chairman, for whom a minor post was especially created. Most forward of the lot, however, is William F. Stevenson, chairman of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, who has surrounded himself with political friends from South Carolina. He was asked at a press conference whether appointments in his organization would be based on the merit system. His confused reply suggested that he had never heard of anyone being appointed to a political job because of his individual competence or merit. Later he explained: "Naturally we are not choosing Republicans to carry out the policies of a Democratic Administration." Stevenson has 8,000 to 10,000 jobs at his disposal, or almost one-fourth of those created under the emergency program. I am betraying no secrets, however, when I report that the Administration is showing no little anxiety over the carefree manner in which Stevenson is handing out jobs.

Farley has, of course, tried many ways of keeping his finger on all appointments. He has placed personal representatives in several departments and bureaus. His agent in the Department of Justice is William Stanley, while Emil Hurja represents him in the offices of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and Julien N. Friant in the Department of Agriculture. These men report all prospective appointments to the Postmaster-General. If the men proposed have been good Democrats in the past, meaning primarily good Roosevelt Democrats prior to June, 1932, Farley indorses the appointees. Otherwise he says no—as firmly as possible. His disapproval carries weight with the R.F.C. and the Department of Justice, for example, but not always with other departments or emergency services. In the early months of the Administration the patronage-dealers were confident that they had the Department of Commerce in their grasp, but this, too, seems now to have slipped from them. Senator McAdoo of California had apparently marked out the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce as his special province. H. Russell Amory of California, a McAdoo man, was temporarily put in charge of this office. The bureau was to be reorganized, which meant that a lot of new help would be brought in. With Amory in charge, most of the new officials would very likely have been members of the personal machine McAdoo has been getting together. But before the reorganization took place Amory was removed and Willard L. Thorp, professor of economics at Amherst, was named chief of the bureau. It is understood that he took the job on the condition that his subordinates would be selected on a basis of merit.

Farley was blocked at the outset by the President's policy of holding up appointments until his legislative program had been safely guided through Congress. It was no mean chore for the Postmaster-General to stand off the horde of Democratic Congressmen clamoring for jobs for their constituents, especially when he himself so clearly perceived the necessity of getting as many deserving Democrats into the Administration as quickly as possible. Then the President went away on vacation and once more Farley had to stem the rising discontent among the Democrats. He promised that the delay would be ended as soon as the President re-

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turned to town. But in the meantime he began to encounter unexpectedly stiff opposition in the Cabinet.

Secretaries Ickes and Wallace, ably supported by other officials such as Secretary Perkins, Recovery Administrator Johnson, and Relief Administrator Hopkins, refused to bow before the onslaught of the spoilsmen. They accepted a few political appointees, but these appointees, with one or two exceptions, they managed to shift to inconsequential positions where they could do little or no harm. Secretary Wallace even went to the extent of allowing a Farley agent to sit in his office. However, the arrangement he has worked out with this agent is such that he gets the experts he wants upon the single condition that they are Roosevelt supporters. On the other hand, Secretary Ickes did not take kindly to the idea of having a Farley representative anywhere near him. When the man reported for work, Ickes found him a desk far down the corridor, in the office of Louis R. Glavis, chief investigator for the Department of the Interior. He left after a few days, having found the environment just a bit too cold. The spoilsmen seem to have gained a temporary foothold in one of the minor divisions of the National Recovery Administration. Thirty-three clerks were furloughed and told not to report back for work until they had provided themselves with adequate political indorsements. That situation has since been cleared up, partly through the President's order requiring all posts in the emergency services, except those of an executive nature, to be filled from the list of civil-service employees recently dismissed from other departments on the ground of economy.

I mention the few incidents given in the preceding paragraph because they are exceptions rather than the rule. Despite the presence of the Farley agent, Wallace has managed to bring in a number of good men to whom the Democratic Party owes nothing whatever. Among them is Jerome Frank, solicitor for the Department of Agriculture. Moreover, he did not wait upon the White House, but took the initiative in issuing a departmental order requiring all clerical and routine jobs in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration to be filled from the civil-service lists. This has saved his department and the agricultural administration from being loaded down with precinct captains and ward heelers. Policy matters and executive decisions in the Interior Department and Public Works Administration are in the hands of men of Secretary Ickes's own choosing. Ickes and his trusted subordinates also keep a careful watch on the routine workers in the department. The same is true of the Department of Labor, the National Recovery Administration, the Relief Administration, and a majority of the other offices. While the heads of these departments have accepted a few political appointees, they have done so for strategic reasons. Their apparent willingness to compromise where unimportant posts were concerned has enabled them to insist upon naming their own people to the jobs they consider important. For example, the Commissionership of Labor Statistics is looked upon as a fat plum—it normally draws a salary of $8,500—and any number of party hacks were angling for it. But Miss Perkins said that she wanted an expert and that her candidate was Dr. Isador Lubin of the Brookings Institution. Dr. Lubin got the job. Farley had to give in here as he has had to give in upon every occasion when a member of the Ickes-Wallace-Perkins group has shown any inclination to oppose his demands.

The richest political pie in the entire government is safely in the hands of Secretary Ickes. Not only has he the normal complement of Interior Department jobs in his charge, to which have been added many others through his appointment as "oil dictator" and Public Works Administrator, but in the latter capacity he has $3,300,000,000 of the taxpayers' money to spend. This is more than the Roosevelt Administration contemplates spending on all other government activities, including salaries, during the current fiscal year. Great was the consternation of the political contractors, as Paul Y. Anderson recently suggested in these columns, when Ickes was named to administer the fund. This was undoubtedly the most severe defeat the political spoilsmen have suffered to date.

Only a few patronage jobs are available in the military and diplomatic branches, and these, of course, have been filled with politicians for political reasons. One need only name Secretary Swanson in the Navy Department, Secretary Dern and Assistant Secretary Woodring in the War Department, and Assistant Secretary Payer in the State Department, and the dozen or so campaign contributors who have been given ambassadorships or ministerial posts abroad. The colonial service, too, is rather limited, but there the spoilsmen have also gotten in several good licks. Puerto Rico especially has suffered. First, Robert Hayes Gore was named governor of the territory, and on top of this the insular school system was turned over to the spoils-hunters. Competent native educators working patiently over a period of years were succeeding in developing a modern school system. The system has been entirely in native hands and has been kept out of politics whether insular or national. Now Farley proposes to undo this work by his designation of the Democratic national committeewoman of the island to be Commissioner of Education for no valid reason except that she supported Roosevelt at the Chicago convention.

One might also condemn the Democrats for attempting to have 4,600 government employees removed from the civil-service rolls in order to make room for deserving party workers. None of these clerks, however, was selected by competitive test. Presidents Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover "covered" them with civil-service rating by executive order. Just before he left office, for example, Herbert Hoover placed in the civil service, incumbents and all, about 150 positions in the Department of Justice then held by political appointees who had been trained by the Ohio Gang. I doubt very much that the substitution of Democratic Party workers for the Republican "merit men" in the Departments of Justice and Commerce or in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation would appreciably affect the efficiency of those branches of the government.

Still to be considered are the thousands of minor posts spread over the country, the postmasterships, revenue collectors' jobs, and district attorneyships. These also must be considered spoils. Indeed, they make up the bulk of the appointive positions at the disposal of the President. And they are being filled with Democrats today just as they were filled with Republicans in 1921 and with other Democrats in 1913. One may argue with complete justice that all of these jobs should be placed under civil service for the sake of more honest and efficient government. But in taking that position one must frankly indict the party system and not merely the Democratic organization.

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The Utility Crisis in New York

By JEROME COUNT

THE universal demand of 25,000,000 electric consumers for relief from excessive rates lends special significance to the widely advertised proceedings now pending before the New York Public Service Commission. Technically initiated by the commission itself, the proceedings resulted from widespread dissatisfaction which that body admittedly could no longer ignore. After an impressive display of gubernatorial conferences and a wholesale summons to all gas and electric companies in the State, rate hearings began again in May, 1933. The case was concluded three months later, after volumes of testimony and scores of exhibits had been recorded, and an expectant public now awaits the commission's decision. A collapse of this nationally publicized attempt to lower rates under most favorable conditions, it is believed, may finally place the seal of failure upon the commission form of regulation.

"After careful consideration, the commission has determined to establish temporary emergency rates wherever the facts relating to a company as set forth in the sworn reports to the commission seem to justify action. It is not contemplated in the establishment of such rates that a valuation of the property as required by the courts for a final determination will be made," said Chairman Maltbie, reading from a prepared statement, at the opening of the hearings. "My Gawd! That's *confiscation!*" said a horrified utility official who promptly recognized the desperate measure of a desperate commission.

With utility regulation in wide disrepute, the commission suddenly cast off its judicial robes and became the people's advocate. There was something of the bravado in Chairman Maltbie's manner as he read his opening statement—something of the adventurous young advocate, bravely adopting a new theory against an old grievance, for which his seasoned brethren could find no remedy. Significantly, the most active member of the commission's staff that day was the genial Secretary Tanner, a former newspaper man, whose function it is to supervise press contacts for the commission. The daily press hailed the dramatic move and looked forward hopefully to a new era for the consumer.

Undoubtedly, the commission is bent on relieving itself of responsibility for high rates. From the outset it was evident that new schedules were to be fixed, if only on paper, while the commission's theory is tested in the courts. By then, it is hoped, the storm of criticism may have blown over and the responsibility will seem to rest elsewhere. "There is belief," said Chairman Maltbie in his opening statement, "that the utilities have not borne their fair burden of the depression. . . . The commission intends in its investigation to ascertain to what extent the various companies have been affected by the depression, their dividends curtailed, and surplus earnings used up. We shall consider to what extent utilities may fairly be required through reduced rates to assist in escaping from the present depression, unequaled in the history of this country."

Now, considering the generation of rigid orthodoxy behind it, this was rank heresy, coming from the New York commission. To the companies, it was open revolt. But more to the point, will the "left phrases" result in rate relief or is this the final collapse of a regulatory form that has floundered in a morass of failure? If, as the chairman said in his opening statement, the utilities have not borne their fair burden of the depression, what did the commission do about it for almost four years? One of the most enlightening exhibits, introduced in these hearings by the commission itself, shows the rate of return received by the various electric companies of New York City on their net worth since 1922. Profits of 10 to 20 per cent recur frequently in this tabulation. It is ironic for the commission to expect to divert criticism from itself by informing the exploited consumer at this late date that back in 1925, for instance, the commission allowed the Bronx Gas and Electric Company to receive a profit of 21.3 per cent on the year's operations. Other evidence received by the commission showed dividends running as high as 42 per cent as late as 1932—permitted by the same commission which now triumphantly exposes them.

Still another exhibit, which was submitted by the commission itself, was a chart which, using the year 1929 as an index of 100, compares the cash dividends paid on common stock by five national groups of corporations and by the electric utilities of New York. While railroad dividends sank to a low of 13.6 in September, 1932, the New York electric utilities had risen to a high of 123.4 at the end of the previous quarter. A marked rise of almost 25 per cent took place in 1929 in the dividends paid by the New York electric companies. A constant plateau of dividend payments follows and extends well into 1932. The commission now opens its belated blast of publicity just as the curve has started a downward trend and the companies are able to point to declining profits as a bar to rate reductions.

The consumer who had his electric bill increased in 1930—and more than 50 per cent of New York City consumers are found in this class—charges the commission, on its own evidence, with neglect of duty since 1929. Were he to prove this charge, the consumer would proceed in exactly the manner in which the commission is now indicting the utilities. Another item the consumer would charge against the commission is that the National City Company, in the year 1932, was allowed a profit of $3,000,000 on bond issues at the expense of three major electric companies. This means, of course, that in the end the public pays the bill. The bonds immediately thereafter sold above par in the open market and $47,000,000 was realized by the companies on these bonds. A large part of the proceeds were then paid back to the bank in liquidation of debts held by the bank itself against these companies and their affiliates. This is typical of a score of deals not only permitted but authorized by the commission between companies having interlocking directorates with the National City Company and the National City Bank.

While the bankers found regulation so well suited to their needs, the officers and directors of the utilities did not neglect their own nests. It is not without point to observe

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that the chief plea for the utilities was made before the commission at the first rate hearing by none other than Floyd L. Carlisle, chairman of the board of Consolidated Gas. Just the day before, he had been exposed as one of J. P. Morgan's "favored customers." It is easy to infer that the bankers must find the utilities highly cooperative in allowing liberal discounts on their bond sales. Matthew S. Sloan, until last year president of three electric companies, was also named in each of Mr. Morgan's favored lists. Upon Mr. Sloan's resignation, the directors of these companies, representing the banking interests, undoubtedly voted him his $155,000 bonuses with genuine enthusiasm. Since 1928 the electric companies have paid honoraria of more than $700,000 to officials and their families.

The hearings brought to light the fact that officials of the companies under investigation had also increased their pay by $130,000 in 1932 alone and that during the depression official salaries had increased by 17 to 77 per cent. Salaries of $25,000 to $40,000 appear frequently in the list, the high spot being the salary of Frank W. Smith who netted $75,000 by holding three jobs with three different companies. Fourteen officials receive pay from more than one company. Their combined salaries amount to $418,000 per annum. This sort of chicanery has been countenanced by the commission for decades and only now is used as a device to divert public criticism from the commission to the companies alone. The commission was officially informed of the salary increases year after year, beginning in 1927. It did nothing about them and is now making capital of its own neglect.

While bankers, stockholders, and officials fattened on the spoils of this monopoly, rank-and-file employees were rewarded only with wage cuts and loss of jobs. Some 8,000 New York utility employees have been laid off and the companies under investigation have effected wage cuts that will net them approximately $5,000,000 in labor savings during the year. It is known that many employees have received wage cuts as high as 50 per cent through the device of transfer from one department to another. Regulation, as administered by the commission, however, can find no principle under which these matters can be controlled unless the consumers' service has actually broken down by means of such policies. The commission deliberately rules, in effect, that it will not lock the barn until after the horse is out.

Chairman Maltbie, romantic and optimistic though he is, knows utilities. "If they do not see fit to cooperate," he said, as the hearings opened, "the efforts of the commission for temporary relief may be fruitless." There is, in fact, little doubt that any substantial reduction ordered by the Public Service Commission will be taken to the courts by the utilities. At the close of the hearing, counsel for the companies made it clear that the legality of the whole proceeding would be challenged. There is faint hope that the courts will uphold the emergency theory upon which the commission has built its case, although they were ready enough to permit emergency rate increases when prices rose during the World War. It is generally believed, however, that the "My Gawd-that's-confiscation" boys will have the better of the argument in the United States Supreme Court.

The Edison Electric Institute, dominated by the New York utilities, recently threatened that electric companies which are 'victimized' by regulatory bodies would appeal to the courts for redress against rate reductions. This threat has special emphasis for the New York proceedings. The president of the Edison Institute, George B. Cortelyou, is a high official of the New York companies and the pronouncement of one is regarded as the policy of the other. With court proceedings imminent, little comfort can be found in the commission's theory of emergency reduction. To the recent special session of the New York legislature, Governor Lehman recommended an amendment to the public-service law which, it is hoped, may fill up the legal hole in the commission's temporary rate case. Unfortunately, it appears that the consumer will again be blocked and the amendment declared unconstitutional if it is tested in the courts. Under prevailing legal concepts, utilities are entitled to their euphemistic "fair return" at all times, temporary or otherwise.

While economic stress was acute and widespread, the commission sat back and permitted these companies to build up gigantic reserves and surpluses of $300,000,000. They were allowed to increase their stock and bond issues to over a billion dollars and their dividends by tens of millions. Meanwhile the purchasing power of the people declined 50 per cent, commodity prices 40 per cent, and employment 50 per cent. While the great monopoly profiteered with a free hand, the commission pursued a complacent policy of agreeable negotiations for voluntary reductions. After four critical years the commission takes action just at a time when its neat little charts and exhibits are ruined theoretically when their curves are plotted down to date. When we remember some of the successful claims the utilities have made in past rate cases, it seems probable that they will convince the Supreme Court that the emergency is over and rates should stay up.

Assuming that the courts sustain the commission's emergency theory, it is doubtful that this could be finally determined before the late fall or early winter of this year—incidentally, just after the October electioneering is over. The commission will then find itself left with a faded chimera. The companies will maliciously inquire whether the emergency found in June still exists in December. Their logic will doubtless impress the commission—and the consumer find himself back where he started ten months earlier.

After a generation of the commission form of regulation, the people of New York protest in vain against the insatiable utilities. Shifting theories of utility valuation, intended to locate the elusive rate base, have offered the people only a pathetic mirage. With a Statewide gas, electric and telephone bill of $750,000,000, it is positive effrontery for a commission to boast of $12,000,000 in alleged rate reductions obtained by negotiation. Yet the commission intends this as a crushing reply to all criticism. With the consumer of New York State paying for dividends of these three utilities at the appalling rate of $40,000 an hour—$300,000 per annum in critical depression years—the dismal record of utility "control" may have reached its final chapter. Obviously, the pretense of cajoling the utilities into voluntary reductions has failed completely. Frustration also awaits Maltbie's naive attempt to threaten these seasoned privateers into cooperative rate slashes. New York can then complete the cycle of futility by a return to the hopeless valuation procedure or consider some form of public ownership—the answer to the consumers' prayer.

Whether the consumers' prayer will be answered rests with political gods. The Dunnigan bill, introduced in the

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last regular session of the legislature of New York, proposed to grant municipalities broad powers for the establishment of publicly owned utilities. It failed to pass the State Senate because of a bi-party utility block. To the recent special session, Governor Lehman recommended several innocuous and futile amendments to the public-service law, but refused to recommend the municipal ownership bill which, in the previous session, failed of passage by only seven votes—six of them Democratic and with three Democratic Senators not voting. The necessary votes to insure public ownership will be found, however, when the consumers' prayer becomes an articulate demand. But it is not to be assumed that the utilities' last card will have been played. When public ownership is made feasible by New York legislators, the utilities will hound, harrass, and intimidate every public official or municipality attempting to benefit by the enabling legislation. These tactics are familiar to every town and city throughout the nation which has attempted public operation of utilities. Millions of dollars will be lavished on campaigns to defeat bond-issue referenda required to finance public-ownership projects. Vast utility funds will be placed at the disposal of candidates who oppose public ownership in election campaigns. A municipality lucky enough to run this gauntlet safely will then find itself deluged with so-called taxpayers' suits to enjoin the sale of bonds and later to prevent the letting of contracts to construct utility plants. Finally, suit will be brought to restrain the performance of the contracts after they are let out. At just about this point the disheartened consumer, having declared that "you can't fight a billion dollars," will find his electric bill reduced some 20 per cent by the threat of municipal competition against private utilities.

Confess, Chairman Maltbie. Commission regulation has failed!

[*This is the ninth of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer. The tenth will appear soon.*]

The Educator and the Depression

II. The College Instructor

By WILLIAM BURL THOMAS

UNTIL a little more than a year ago the tenure of a position on the faculty of an American university was, generally speaking, indefinite. Although many institutions offered no contract to the lower ranking members of their staffs, and a man might be dismissed for too conspicuously radical utterances or "conduct prejudicial to the interests of the university," a teacher who rendered satisfactory service felt his place secure, and even though his rank were no higher than that of instructor he might, in the absence of definite understanding to the contrary, reasonably expect reappointment. Likewise he had reasonable expectancy of promotion or of bettering his situation by securing a higher ranking or a better paid position elsewhere. But within the last year and a half the economic crisis has blighted any such prospect completely. In 1932 the depression caught up with the universities, and they will be suffering from the depression long after business has attained what the swivel-chair economists call recovery.

The tax-supported institutions of the Mid-West, West, and South were the first to feel the effects of adversity, and although most of the Eastern schools managed to maintain their status unaffected or with comparatively little retrenchment until this year, now they are suffering quite as badly. Early in the winter of 1932 portents were to be observed in many legislatures, and subsequently most of the important State universities suffered reductions in appropriations for 1932-33—although a year ago the general calamity which was to overtake them this last spring was only vaguely foreseen. The following table gives an idea of what has happened.* Since this table was prepared, it has been announced that Ohio State University and the University of Michigan, both of which disregarded the author's requests for figures on decreased funds and personnel, are taking heavy cuts in their 1933-34 budgets. The appropriation for Ohio State has been cut $652,057, that of Michigan, $896,414. In both cases, the cuts entailed wholesale dismissals.

Institutions	*Amount of funds provided for general operation and maintenance* 1931-32	1932-33	1933-34	*Percentage decrease 1933-34 under 1931-32*
Maine	$757,289	$707,289	$522,466	31.1
New Hampshire	661,443	661,443	447,600	32.3
Maryland	330,000	330,000	198,000	40.0
Rutgers	1,613,660	1,203,384	1,196,685	26.0
Cornell	2,784,140	2,720,661	2,344,141	15.8
Princeton	2,879,755	2,711,042	2,681,937	6.9
Northwestern	4,716,437	4,061,000	3,788,000	19.7
Illinois	4,934,000	4,934,000	3,905,000	20.9
Indiana	1,800,000	1,530,000	1,490,000	17.2
Purdue	1,825,000	1,530,000	1,450,000	20.6
Minnesota	3,275,000	3,275,000	2,800,000	14.6
Kansas	1,410,500	1,299,500	1,038,750	26.4
Oklahoma	1,418,159	1,418,159	1,066,000	24.8
Texas	1,149,025	1,149,025	923,393	19.6
Wyoming	192,500	192,500	90,500	53.0
Utah	514,500	340,000	340,000	33.9
Montana	376,500	328,500	235,500	37.5
Oregon	1,165,335	900,000	775,000	33.5
Washington	1,767,950	1,767,950	1,168,080	33.9
Stanford	2,478,636	2,356,259	2,135,721	15.8
Kentucky	1,344,517	1,052,306	1,000,000	25.6
Tennessee	749,250	700,000	450,000	38.6
Virginia	2,199,957	1,910,686	1,742,947	20.8
North Carolina	721,000	721,000	420,000	41.7
South Carolina	375,000	312,000	200,000	46.7
Mississippi	200,000	120,000	120,000	40.0

*A part of these data are taken from a tabulation prepared by John H. McNeely of the United States Office of Education. The remainder have been collected by the author.

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From this sectional grouping it will be seen that the Eastern institutions which suffered not at all last year have since had greater reductions than those of the Mid-Western schools for the two years together. Two of the State universities of the West, while the average of their appropriation cuts is greater than that of the New England schools, have had the reduction apportioned over the two-year period. On the other hand, Wyoming, the only institution in the whole list with a reduction of more than 50 per cent, is taking its entire cut within the 1933-35 biennium. In general, the disaster has fallen most heavily upon the schools of the West and the South. The plight of the University of North Carolina, which has been widely publicized, is exceeded, it will be noticed, by that of her sister institution. It is difficult to see how Mississippi, with $120,000, and Wyoming, with $90,500, can keep going. Virginia, which has had the least reduction in the Southern group, receives only about one-fifth of its money from the State.

A large proportion of the necessary economy in operating expenses inevitably has had to fall upon the salaries of university employees. Be it justly said that many administrations tried earnestly last year to effect the saving wholly or principally in other ways, and several institutions which reduced salaries 6 per cent or more did so on a graduated scale; but some made a flat cut, which naturally affected more severely teachers in the lower rank—who likewise were first to be dismissed when dismissal was deemed necessary. Both salary cuts and dismissal were employed at certain schools to maintain an approximate ratio between reduction in salary budget and reduction in funds available: the University of Pittsburgh, a privately controlled institution, made a 9 per cent salary cut and dismissed fifty-five members of its faculty, more than one-eighth of the total number.

The schools here tabulated followed various policies. None of the first three Eastern institutions dismissed staff members; and of these three, only Maine reduced salaries—2½ per cent. South Carolina, which made an 11 to 14 per cent salary cut, kept its staff intact, as did North Carolina, Minnesota, and Kentucky. Tennessee made a flat cut of 8 per cent and dismissed four. Oregon cut salaries 5 to 15 per cent and dismissed seven instructors and six members of higher rank. Illinois began its retrenchment policy early; though its funds available were equivalent to those of the preceding year, twenty-seven of its faculty were not reappointed. However, where salary reductions were made in 1932 they were generally considered temporary. At the University of Kansas, for example, the 10 per cent flat cut was called a "moratorium" measure, and little was said about the seventeen staff members dismissed.

Now, a year later, all pretense at optimism has vanished. At Kansas salaries for 1933-34 are reduced on a graduated scale 5 to 15 per cent and made "contingent on enrollment." But, though many full-time instructors are relegated to a half-time teaching schedule with an annual remuneration of $665 to $735, the number of dismissals at Kansas is insignificant in comparison to the wholesale discharge of teachers from Ohio State and Michigan only a few weeks ago—an event of delectable irony in coincidence with a national recovery campaign. At Michigan sixty-six staff members (including four full professors) were dismissed and 122 others put on a part-time basis. At Ohio those discharged from the academic staff number 184—fifty-seven of the rank of instructor and above and 127 fellows and assistants. Seventy-three were put on part time.

In Michigan also the salaries of all State employees depend upon the amount of money in the treasury next spring. And the faculty of the University of Iowa and the State College at Ames are wondering not how much of a salary cut they will have to take but whether they will get any salary at all next year. Yet the larger schools in general are not so badly off as the small colleges; at the North Dakota Agricultural College deans and department heads will get $1,920 a year and the president $3,000.

These facts demonstrate the tragedy that has overtaken institutions of learning in America; and they do not take specifically into account the notorious examples of political interference in Mississippi and Oklahoma which has utterly crippled the higher educational systems of those States. The present situation is so chaotic that as yet it is impossible to secure complete information about salary reductions and dismissals generally for 1933-34.* The data so far obtainable are tabulated as follows.

Institutions	*Per cent salary cut 1932-33 under 1931-32 scale*[1]	*Dismissals 1932-33 from staff of preceding year*[2]	*Per cent salary cut 1933-34 under 1931-32 scale*[1]	*Dismissals 1933-34 from staff of preceding year*[2]
Colorado	8	10	15	8
Cornell	0	0	10	44
Columbia	0	0	0	—
Illinois	—	27	5-15	—
Indiana	8-12½	—	8-12½	—
Kansas	10	17	15-35	14
Kentucky	10	0	15	0
Maine	2½	0	12½	0
Maryland	0	0	10-15	0
Minnesota	2.08-4.16	0	0-20	0
Mississippi	25-45	—	25-45	—
Montana	5-6	—	20-22	—
Nevada	0	0	0-35	0
New Hampshire	0	0	0-10	0
Northwestern	10	31	19	19
Oklahoma	0-7½	—	5-20	—
Oregon	5-15	19	5-30	36
Princeton	0	0	0	0
Rutgers	4-18	—	7-20	47
Stanford	0	0	10	0
Texas	0	0	25	0
Utah	10	1	9-19	7
Virginia	10-12½	0	15-20	1
Washington	0	0	10-46	0
Wyoming	0	15	12-37	20

[1]By a graduated scale the maximum percentage is applied to none but the highest salaries and usually only to the fifth or sixth thousand dollars and beyond. Therefore the actual reduction would in no case be as great as the maximum percentage shown. A minimum of zero means that the lowest salaries ($1,500 or $1,200 and under) are exempt from reduction.

[2]These figures, particularly the higher ones, are difficult of interpretation. In general, they include part-time assistants. But in some instances it is likely that the figure is simply the number of faculty less than that of the preceding year, and thus would include assistants whose appointments have expired upon their receiving degrees and whose places have simply been left unfilled. Another means of curtailment is the reduction in teaching load of full-time instructors to a three-quarter or a half-time schedule, which is not indicated at all.

*The author requested pertinent facts from 46 institutions. Iowa Missouri, Wisconsin, and Chicago either were unable or declined to give the information. Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Ohio State, Nebraska, California, and others did not reply.

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In a table such as the foregoing it is not possible to show the rank of staff members dismissed; but by far the greater number of those who have lost their jobs are instructors and part-time assistants—although a startling number of assistant and associate professors have been discharged from institutions which had expanded unwisely and unduly and whose administrations have seized upon the most obvious means of effecting economy. A large proportion of the academic unemployed are Ph.D.'s who have not attained professorial rank or graduate assistants whose employment was terminated with their receiving the degree. And distinctly a problem in itself is the plight of the hundreds of Ph. D.'s who have spent time and money to prepare for teaching and, never having had the opportunity to teach, now find themselves just so much excess baggage in the pedagogical caravan. Approximately 2,000 doctors, it is estimated, were graduated in 1932. If graduate enrollment is a trustworthy index, the number awarded the degree during the spring and summer of this year will be only slightly lower.

In nearly every case the people most severely affected by the retrenchment are those least able to stand it. A professor can readjust his scale of living to 80 per cent of his former salary much more easily than an instructor can get alone on the absolute minimum or without any salary at all. But the University of Nebraska last year, reversing the usual scale of gradation, gave its staff members above the rank of instructor a 7 to 8 per cent cut, while it reduced instructors' salaries 14 per cent—and dismissed fifteen. To show conclusively how those in the higher ranks have remained relatively secure at the expense of the "small fry" I quote from the report on "The Economic Condition of the Profession" in 1932 to the American Association of University Professors of Committee Z: ". . . a shrinkage of 191 places out of a possible shrinkage of 211 in the thirty-eight institutions reporting to your Committee occurred in the grades of instructor or part-time assistant. Indeed, among professors and associate professors there was no decrease at all, but an increase of two and a half places."

A policy in striking contrast to the "share-the-work" principle so much touted in industry! But it appears likely that with one more spring there will no longer be assistants or instructors left anywhere; and then the professorial nobility will be next to the guillotine. Certainly the brain trust dispensing the New Deal is not distributing any straight flushes to its academic colleagues. From the most conservative outlook it is only sane to say that amid all the present ballyhoo about "recovery" there is absolutely no reason or justification for optimism among the teaching profession. On the contrary, the gravity of the situation cannot be overemphasized or overestimated.

The Universities of Maine, New Hampshire, Maryland, Kentucky, and Washington are conspicuous among institutions which have greatly reduced appropriations and yet have not made inordinate dismissals. But their expedient is in exception to the policy generally prevailing. So college administrations, instead of declaring an emergency salary scale and keeping their staffs intact, continue in the name of economy to destroy what has been laboriously achieved by a generation of educators during many years.

[*This is the third of a series of articles on the effects of the economic crisis and the professions. The Lawyer and the Depression by James Gifford will appear next week.*

In the Driftway

WHEN Arnold Bennett was twenty-nine years old he confided to his diary that he was seriously behind with his reading. Since the age of twenty he had been devoted to books, and he felt that, except for the current literature which he had been compelled to review, he had confined himself almost exclusively to the best books. Yet he was appalled to realize how many of the works which "everybody has read" were still unknown to him.

> I cannot recall a single author of whom I have read everything—even Jane Austen. . . . Then there are large tracts of Shakespeare, Bacon, Spenser, nearly all of Chaucer, Congreve, Dryden, Pope, Swift, Sterne, Johnson, Scott, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Edgeworth, Ferrier, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth (nearly all), Tennyson, Swinburne, the Brontës, George Eliot, W. Morris, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Savage Landor, Thackeray, Carlyle—in fact, every classical author and most good modern authors, which I have never even overlooked. A list of the masterpieces I have not read would fill a volume.

He tried to reassure himself with a little calculation which proved that only a very old man who had read steadily for sixteen hours a day since infancy could possibly have read even approximately all "that the person of average culture is supposed to have read, and that not to have read is a social sin." But he was obviously not satisfied, and was a little ashamed of himself. The truth of the matter is, of course, that few scholars know as much as Macaulay's impossibly erudite schoolboy, and it might have comforted Bennett to know that Matthew Arnold's criticism of Spenser contains irrefutable evidence that Arnold had not himself read "The Faery Queen."

* * * * *

BENNETT'S confession emboldens the Drifter to make a suggestion which he has long had in mind, namely, that during the next year literary editors be forbidden by one of Mr. Roosevelt's new commissions to publish any more lists of the hundred best books, or the ten volumes recommended for a desert island, and that they be encouraged instead to draw up lists of the world-famous and indispensable books which they have managed somehow to dispense with. Such lists would be instructive and startling, but they would be shocking only to those who refused to consider how easy it would be for them to compile an even more dreadful one. We think also that it would be a good plan for each person making the confession to distinguish with a star those books which he not only has never read but has resolved never to read. Books which have been praised too much or by the wrong people go into a class by themselves. One would resist them on a desert island and, in solitary confinement, one would rather watch spiders than turn their pages.

* * * * *

JUST to start the ball rolling the Drifter appends a list which he finds it difficult to confine to merely ten titles:

Plato, "The Symposium."
Dante, "The Paradiso."
Anonymous, "The Song of Roland."

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Bacon, "The Novum Organum."
Scott, "Ivanhoe."
Cooper, "The Last of the Mohicans."
Eliot, "The Mill on the Floss."
Hardy, "Jude the Obscure."
Wells, "The New Machiavelli."
Buck, "The Good Earth."

Though short and inadequate, this list is, the Drifter thinks, varied and representative. If he were to extend it as he easily could, it would do very well as the "required reading" for a college course, and if he decided to expand it still further it might be made the basis of a decent public library. Even as it stands, it proves that he is ignorant of many things which every schoolboy knows and unfamiliar with at least ten books which every person of average culture has read. Indeed, the Drifter is beginning to be a little sorry he brought the subject up.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Cry from China

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The International Labor Defense has received the following among several letters from victims of the Kuomintang reaction now held in Chinese jails. We ask you to print this letter in the hope that your readers will protest against this inhuman treatment. New arrests are constantly being made and new murders committed. We have just received word that Yang Chen, an eminent scientist, founder of the Academia Sinica and general secretary of the China League of Civil Rights, was assassinated by the Kuomintang murder squad June 18. Madame Sun Yat Sen, founder of the league, is under constant threat of assassination.

This letter of blood and tears suddenly meeting your eyes may shock you a good deal. We entreat your patient attention; hear us, then expose our sufferings to the world, and seek human help on our behalf. You cannot possibly view our sufferings as unimportant. You cannot carelessly throw our plea into the wastepaper basket. Deprived of our liberty, we have been thrown into the so-called Second Model Prison of Kiangsu of Tsaochoching, and here we have found the depths of a very earthly hell. Half-men, half-ghosts, we sit here drinking our tears. The cavities of still deeper hells yawn before us, and without life we enter them, one after the other.

There is no such thing as a fixed set of regulations in this prison. Everything depends on the temperament of the jailers. When once prisoners are brought here, they are like victims brought to the guillotine, or fish and pork brought into kitchens. We know only shackles and beatings. We hear only the hoarse shouts of the jailer and the sobs of the sick. It is a common sight to see corpses being carried off. We look on enviously.

Cells about ten feet by nine, less than a hundred square feet, often hold as many as seven prisoners. When the sun shines the stink spreads everywhere. When it rains we are all drenched and everything around us is damp and sodden. We eat rice mixed with fine gravel, or just rice, old and rotten, weighing about sixteen ounces, or 30 per cent less than the required allowance. The only vegetables are some yellow cabbage leaves. Oil and salt are infrequent luxuries. Drinking water is served out three times a day—two little cups to each cell! It is supposed to be boiled. Actually it is only slightly warmed.

All prisoners that come here from the military headquarters, that is, prisoners sentenced by the military courts, virtually all political cases, are immediately shackled upon entry, no matter how long their sentence. If the prisoner happens to have some money he can buy himself out of the shackles. If he has none, he wears them until he dies or until by some chance he goes free. Practically nine-tenths of the prisoners are sick. Most of the prisoners suffer from dysentery, beri-beri, skin ailments, and the various diseases that recur each year. Of course the basic cause of all the disease is the insufficiency and filthiness of the food, the shackles, and the impossibility of bathing. A doctor is hard to get. If an alleged "doctor" does come, he looks around awhile and then gives the same kind of medicine to everybody regardless of the different diseases. The "medicine" is cooked in one big filthy pot and a cup is ladled out to each man. This medicine really does have the same effect, whatever the disease. That is why the death rate here is higher than in any other prison in the world. Physical exercise is allowed only once a month, sometimes only once in three or four months. The time allowed is only ten minutes, and even that is at the pleasure of the jailers. As for baths, we can get them perhaps ten times a year. When bath time does come, the prisoners are lined up and await turns at one small pool of water which remains unchanged all day.

Only a few have enough covering. Even the skimpy cotton robes and blankets handed over by the military for use by the military prisoners are not given to them. Sometimes, to deceive an occasional investigator, clothing and bedding are distributed in the morning and taken away at night. The prison factory is supposed to be a place where we are to develop some handicraft talent so that afterward we might do something for ourselves. Actually, it is a source of income for the prison authorities. Long-term prisoners are generally not allowed to work because the authorities are afraid they might not obey orders and be instead indifferent to any punishment. But short-term prisoners must work hard for more than ten hours daily. Otherwise they are harshly beaten. Their only remuneration is a possible few ounces extra food. If they happen to produce less than the fixed quota, they are either fined by having their food ration cut down, or else are beaten or made to kneel on screws.

When this opportunity to write you passes away, another will not come for a long time. Therefore, we must put down here all we can of the brutality which fills our daily lives. We can only hope to bring it to the notice of people outside. We have lost our freedom but we still have the right to exist. We want to live. We want help from human beings! *S. C. B.*

In the name of the 1,700 prisoners of the Second Model Prison of Kiangsu at Tsaochoching

Protests against this murder and terror should be sent to Marshal Chiang-Kai Shek at Shanghai, China; to Marshal Chang Hsueh Liang, Peking; and to the Chinese Embassy at Washington.

New York, August 10 LOUIS COLMAN

The Other Way Round

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I had not noticed until recently your article of June 28, entitled Chicago: Two Exhibits by Margaret Marshall. We are very flattered indeed by her comments on the Chrysler Building but may I beg to set right one statement which she makes. The Chrysler Building erected is exactly as the original competitive drawings showed it. When the General Motors found that the Chrysler Building design would attain the height contemplated, they increased the height of their tower.

Chicago, July 25 JOHN W. ROOT

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Finance

The Exchange "Reforms"

THE self-righteous program of regulation recently laid down by the New York Stock Exchange has indicated significantly what can be expected in the true public interest when Wall Street lifts up the torch of reform. Announced with all the solemnity of which the exchange is capable and ballyhooed in the press with all the fervor which the exchange commands from advertising-minded publishers, the new program promises little more from the standpoint of fundamental self-correction than a somewhat grandiose whitewashing of the status quo in stock gambling.

As a supposed means of restricting excessive speculation, the new rules requiring a minimum margin of 50 per cent on trading accounts of less than $5,000 and 30 per cent on accounts above $5,000 have received chief attention. The first point to be noted is that these minimum requirements are percentages of the debit balance of accounts rather than of their total market value and thus represent in reality minimum margins of 33 per cent for small traders and of 23 per cent for large traders. It is true that in the wild gambling which went on in the recent inflation bull market, many speculators were trading on thinner margins than these by virtue of the simple art of dangling alluring business under the noses of commission-hungry brokers. But restrictions which still permit speculators to carry stocks with a value of from three to four times their own equity can by no stretch of the imagination be profoundly embarrassing to the gambling fraternity, whether on the inside or outside of Wall Street. Furthermore, a sharp break in the market, such as occurred in July, could easily flood the exchange with forced selling from accounts fully protected by what the exchange has now officially designated as ample margin.

These are among the reforms which the New York *Times* heralded as the exchange's "most extensive and drastic action in its history to curb speculation in securities."

If any possible dynamite is contained in the exchange's new rules, it lies in the requirement for weekly reports from all members disclosing full information on all pools, syndicates, or option agreements in which they are interested or for which they act as brokers. Here the exchange is approaching the bed-rock of Wall Street's exploitation of the stock-minded public. Even if the doubtful assumption could be made that the exchange is contemplating a serious restriction of the time-honored Wall Street technique of letting the public hold the bag for the large pools, this performance would fall into the old category of closing the barn door after the horse is stolen or, as is the case in this instance, after Wall Street has skimmed the cream from the best bull market since 1929. For during all of the frenzied speculation in May and June, the exchange complacently shut its eyes to pool operations which, for sheer blatancy, rivaled anything from the halcyon pages of the Coolidge and early Hoover regimes.

Nevertheless, these regulations, by penetrating the veil of secrecy which is the prime essential for successful pool operations, give the exchange full power to play havoc with Wall Street's most characteristic come-on game. Richard Whitney, president and chief alibi artist of the exchange, has pronounced that this power will be exercised "whenever such activities . . . may be unsound or likely to create prices which will not fairly reflect market values." Whitney's stubborn refusal, while testifying last year before Congress, to admit the possibility of widespread price manipulation on the exchange, and his defense of "legitimate" pools on the same occasion, are both typical of Wall Street's official attitude on this subject and perhaps indicate how rigidly these new rules will be applied.

The point is too self-evident to require much elaboration. Stock Exchange policies are predominately controlled by the large wire houses. These houses require a heavy volume of business to cover the expenses of their large overhead and their branch offices scattered throughout the country. Pools, both because of their own transactions and because of the large public following which they must entice in order to be successful, are the best sources of large-scale business in stocks, entirely aside from the opportunities for handsome side profits which they offer when brokerage houses themselves participate in the operations.

If the Stock Exchange were to make the confidential information it will now receive on pool manipulations a matter of public record, then a real measure of protection would be available to the public against the secretive and double dealing methods whereby pools build up the public following necessary to let them step out at a profit. But to expect such a step would be to expect the Exchange to relinquish voluntarily a large part of the inflated gambling structure from which much of its profit proceeds.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

Contributors to This Issue

HUBERT HERRING is the executive director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America.

DANIEL ALLEN is a student of labor questions and has done special research on conditions in the steel industry.

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WILLIAM GRUEN contributes articles and reviews on the philosophy of science to various periodicals.

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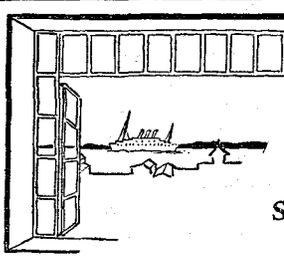
MARVIN LOWENTHAL, a lecturer on the contemporary European scene in the extension department of New York University, is the author of "A World Passed By."

PIERRE LOVING is the author of "Gardener of Evil: A Portrait of Baudelaire and His Times."



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Books

Sonnet

By MARK VAN DOREN

Chasten your fears, I have not been destroyed,
All that was in me once is living still;
Only I know there was this slendor void,
This threading vein through an unconscious hill.
Empty of you, it nourished every part
With nothingness, and I was none the worse.
Filled with you suddenly, it is the start
Of older riches than I can rehearse—
Joy like a hidden river that no stone
Ever is worn away by where it runs;
Peace in the darkest passages of bone,
And buried light as from a hundred suns;
With tolerance, that sweetens as it flows
This blood whose red remembers late the rose.

Salvation Through Charts

Debt and Production. By Bassett Jones. The John Day Company. $2.50.

LONG, long ago, in the early days of the Harding Administration, it was my good fortune to act for a time as a Washington correspondent. In the course of my duties I had a long interview with the then Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Herbert Hoover. The tariff, as I remember, had just been raised, in accordance with those policies of normalcy which were to culminate so brilliantly in the bank closings of March 4, 1933, and I happened to express some concern as to the possible effects of this tariff. Mr. Hoover immediately set my mind at rest. The academic economists, he said, were opposed to the higher tariff, but that was because their reasoning was not merely a priori but of a crude qualitative nature. The engineering mind, on the other hand, respected only the facts, and would not rest until it had made an exact quantitative analysis. Mr. Hoover recited the results of his own quantitative analysis for my benefit. Of all our imports, such-and-such an exact percentage—I think it was more than 50—were entering duty-free; in fact, a larger percentage of our imports were entering duty-free than formerly. Of the rest, the duties had been raised on only such-and-such an exact and insignificant percentage. This was, I believe, the first time that Mr. Hoover had used an argument that he was to use constantly throughout his period of office, even in his last months. At the moment, I was impressed by it. Not until a few days later did it occur to me that it was the very increase in the tariff which increased the relative proportion of non-dutiable goods entering. If the tariff on the dutiable articles had been made absolutely prohibitive, then 100 per cent of our imports would have been entering duty-free. I was still young; but I was beginning to see that even an exact quantitative analysis could be misleading, and that the engineering mind could err.

In the person of Mr. Bassett Jones, F. A. I. E. E., member of the A. S. M. E., research associate in industrial engineering at Columbia University, and installer of the elevators in the Empire State Building, the engineering mind once more enters economics, cocksure as ever, contemptuous of everything so far written in the field, serenely confident that it alone talks Science with a majuscule. "Because no one seemed to be able to tell me how our economy worked," writes Mr. Jones in his Preface, "I decided to find out for myself. I tackled the job in a manner I had used successfully in other fields." He warns us in advance that he will ignore all criticisms "based on philosophical, political, or sociological doctrines" as "beside the metrical, or measurable, facts of our economy"; and he announces proudly that his "entire investigation rests on Planck's dictum as to the nature of reality for science—'only that which is measurable is real.'"

At this point it may be well to halt for a few observations. I am not acquainted with the passage in which Planck makes this statement, and therefore I do not know with what qualifications, if any, it is made. What I do know is that in every case in which I am acquainted with the position of a writer cited or quoted by Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones misunderstands or misrepresents—sometimes grossly—that writer's position—and this applies to his treatment of Adam Smith, Keynes, George Soule, B. M. Anderson, and Aldous Huxley. Guided by the law of probabilities, therefore, I cannot place much confidence in Mr. Jones's interpretation of Planck. But whatever Planck has actually said in this connection, it is obvious that his dictum is true only in a very limited and special sense. If only what is measurable is real, then it is not only absurd to speak as if there were a difference between beauty and ugliness; it is even absurd to mention that one has a toothache.

Proceeding confidently, Mr. Jones throws out all "sociological" and "psychological" factors—though these happen to be an integral part of the material with which economics must deal—and concentrates solely on the physical volume of production. He is interested merely in finding the mathematical formulae and charting the curves which portray the laws of growth of this production;—that, and comparing the rate of growth of this production with the rate of growth in the volume of debt. He believes that he is revolutionary in approaching economics from the side of production instead of from that of consumption; and he obviously believes that he has obtained results of explosive and enormous predictive importance.

The late Alfred Marshall knew at least as much about mathematical methods as Mr. Jones does; and in the early part of his career he used them extensively, but he later confined his mathematics almost entirely to appendices and footnotes. "The chief use of pure mathematics in economic questions," he concluded, "seems to be in helping a person to write down quickly, shortly, and exactly, some of his thoughts for his own use." And in an appendix to his "Principles of Economics" he remarks that the mathematician playing with economic figures usually "takes no technical responsibility for the material, and is often unaware how inadequate the material is to bear the strains of his powerful machinery."

Now this last criticism applies exactly against Mr. Jones. He throws out such concepts as "price" and "value" as meaningless, ghosts from the world of "make-believe." ("I think there is excellent reason," he writes, "for the elimination of the word 'value' from any discussion related to metrical orders.") *Physical volume of production is the only respectable thing* that an engineer can get his teeth into. But Mr. Jones misses the colossal fact that, for the economist, "physical volume of production" does not in the strictest sense exist at all. Man does not "produce" anything; he merely transforms it. He does not create materials; he merely alters, transports, and shapes them for human use. He creates only utilities, i. e., values. Mr. Jones may, if he likes, add a ton of gravel to a ton of fine watches and call the result merely two tons of "production"; this is apparently, in effect, what he actually thinks he is doing, but the result is meaningless for any purpose.

He frequently cites Frederick C. Mills's figures on physical volume of production. Now it is true that Mills does add to-

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gether iron, gold, and swine; but he is aware of what he is doing and how he is doing it. Mills tells us (in an appendix to "Economic Tendencies in the United States") that his commodities have been "reduced to relatives on the year 1909 as base" and "have been weighted by value of product, for raw materials, and by 'value added,' for manufactured goods, weights being based on 1909 values." But obviously this means that his "physical volume of production" figures must be partly hypothetical and arbitrary; because from year to year the values of the individual commodities must vary in relation to each other, though the commodities will continue to be assigned the same weights. For what does the resulting total represent? It represents a total made up, strictly speaking, neither of tons nor of cubic feet, nor of any other measure of weight or volume; it is a total of values. The figures of "physical volume of production" are actually, though arbitrarily, based on those intangible and "indefinable" prices and values that Mr. Jones thinks he has got rid of.

It remains to speak of the relation of production to debt. Mr. Jones holds that over a long period production has been showing a declining rate of increase, whereas debt has been showing an increasing rate of increase; and this relationship he holds to be the cause of the present crisis and the crux of the whole economic problem. He seems to forget that if production really were considered solely in physical terms, and not in terms of values, there could be no significant relationship between production and debt at all. A $50 watch *weighs* no more than a dollar watch, probably less, but a $5 loan would be moderate against the first and grossly excessive against the second. But even if we grant that Mr. Jones is right in his calculations regarding the relative growth of production and debt, his results have no necessary *predictive* value whatever. Debt has no inevitable, necessary, or automatic growth. When it becomes excessive on any one thing, like a railroad or a farm, it is defaulted; receivership or foreclosure scales down or wipes out the debt, and management continues under other hands. When debt becomes excessive generally, it is scaled down by inflation—to one-fifth as in post-war France and Italy, to the vanishing point as in Germany. These adjustments, it is true, involve some injustice, but this is not the question that Mr. Jones seems particularly interested in. He is interested only in the lines on his charts, that is, in the land of "make-believe."

HENRY HAZLITT

The Evolution of Light

The Universe of Light. By Sir William Bragg. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

WHEN that versatile eighteenth-century dilettante, Count Francesco Algarotti, wrote his "Theory of Light and Colors Made Familiar to Ladies in Several Entertainments," he was assured of a popular reception. He wrote at a time when experimental science was still new. Scientific discoveries were the proper subject of animated conversation in the salon, and the Abbé Nollet could become the life of the party with a few rudimentary electrical experiments.

If modern readers do not find the same fascination in Sir William Bragg's book it is not because they know more about optical theory than the laymen of the eighteenth century, but because their familiarity with workaday scientific appliances has made them a little contemptuous of science. Our professional scientists have so often reproduced and controlled the wonders of nature that we no longer pause to wonder at nature. Only a very naive or a very sophisticated person would ask why the sky is blue or whether there is any connection between the color of the sky and the color of cigarette smoke.

About such facts and the theories which explain them Professor Bragg has written a simple and matter-of-fact book. It is the sober work of a man who holds the importance of his subject above question and who therefore feels no need to attract attention by the display of the more spectacular aspects of his science. When Voltaire wrote on the nature of light in his "Elements of Newtonian Philosophy" he voiced the general attitude of his time toward the discoveries of science: "Do we not enrich man by discovering new qualities of the matter of which he is formed?" This conviction infused a certain zest and warmth into Voltaire's exposition which is lacking in Bragg's. But if the latter does not write with the French philosopher's verve, he at least writes with greater authority and happily also with greater clarity.

Bragg centers the development of modern theories of light—from the work of Huyghens and Newton to recent studies in X-ray spectra—around the historical conflict between the wave theory and the corpuscular theory of radiation. By tracing the evolution of the concept of light he indirectly discloses the inventive and instrumental aspects of scientific method. Scientists do not discover the objects of science; they invent them. The characteristics of matter and radiation are to a large extent determined by the kind of problems that led to their conception. And as new problems arise, these concepts are modified to meet new requirements very much as a tool may be modified to perform new functions. There is nothing arbitrary or fictitious in such inventions and adaptations of scientific objects, for they are always made to retain their relevance and applicability to measured relations among observable things.

Professor Bragg, however, does not inject such methodological nor any metaphysical interpretations into his work. This is a book of science and for that reason it should be especially valuable towards the understanding of the philosophy of science.

WILLIAM GRUEN

A New Note

The Wooden Doctor. By Margiad Evans. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

THE impetuous current of this first novel which has swept English reviewers into invoking Charlotte Brontë and Katherine Mansfield is indeed hard to resist. There is a directness of utterance in it which cuts through the artifices of fiction like a cry of pain at a well-bred social gathering. It is a failing of contemporary English women novelists that they write altogether too wisely and too well. They are nearly all gifted with an intellectual and stylistic fluency which is always persuasive, though hardly ever constraining. They have the tongues of angels, but one wishes that they stuttered occasionally; it lends a certain conviction. They are all such clever sensitive girls, but one wishes they were not so afraid of making fools of themselves. It is written: Except ye be like unto little children ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Miss Evans was not afraid of making a fool of herself and not afraid of stuttering occasionally, and judging by the results it is a risk well worth taking.

"The Wooden Doctor" is the story of the hopeless love of a young girl for her middle-aged family physician. One of those school-girl infatuations which one is supposed to look back upon indulgently when one has grown up, but which, as often as not, is the intensest emotional experience of one's life. It is a case of love at first sight, and the girl is twelve when in the semi-consciousness of fever she first casts eyes on the "wooden doctor." In the heat of that fever a bond is fused between them which the gentle doctor in his well-intentioned clumsy way tries in vain to dissolve. The birth of this passion

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in the starved introverted soul of the child, its unconscious development throughout her adolescence until as a young woman she discovers that her life is hopelessly bound up with his, that she cannot love any other man and that he cannot love her, is told as simply as in a letter. The novel mounts to a muted climax, when after an affair in which she surrenders physically to another man she comes happily to her "papa-doctor" to let him know that his diagnosis was correct, "to thank him for his skilful handling of an infatuated schoolgirl"—only, on confronting him, to be brought to a sharper realization that she will never be able to free herself of him.

Miss Evans has wisely refrained from any psychological analysis which would have broken the subjective unity of her narrative. Freudians may deduce from the data of the novel that Arabella's fatal love affair was a typical father fixation in which the middle-aged family physician usurped the role of her drunken father, and it is also fairly obvious that the "wooden doctor" was the victim of some similar psychological involvement which imprisoned him emotionally. But Miss Evans has chosen to look at the contours of reality instead of its chemistry, at the physiognomy of life instead of its anatomy. It is a form of artistic understatement, and a profound one. For the surfaces of life, the phenomena of things are eternal—the explanation varies from age to age.

But Miss Evans's most original contribution is the prose vehicle of her story. It is a forthright stabbing declarative, untrammeled by mannerism, unencumbered by metaphor or nicety of adjective. It may not have the subtle nuances of Katherine Mansfield's prose but its bold strokes are far more telling. The source of its power is revealed in a stray paragraph of the novel:

> Then the cut was dealt to me that divided my life into two parts. The period I approach was one of intense misery to me, I cannot write about it now without trembling; yet I am urged to do it. It is very difficult and must be done with the utmost simplicity, or I shall turn aside to darkness where lucidity is hopelessly lost in the incoherent exploration of sensations.

In the last sentence is embedded a little essay on style which many modern novelists might ponder on.

ALTER BRODY

Soviet Justice

The Case of N. P. Vitvitsky et al. Charged with Wrecking Activities at Power Stations in the Soviet Union. Heard Before the Special Session of the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R. in Moscow, April 12-19, 1933. Translation of the Official Verbatim Report. Moscow: State Law Publishing House. 3 volumes. (Available in New York at Amkniga. $2.50.)

THE case of six British engineers who, together with a number of Russians, were tried in the Soviet Union last April on charges of espionage, bribery, and "wrecking" of the Soviet electrical industry, caused a sensation in Great Britain, and led to a British embargo on Soviet goods which was not lifted until July 1, when the two Britishers who had received prison sentences were released by the Soviet Government. The controversy which has since raged in Western countries regarding the treatment of foreign experts in the Soviet Union makes the publication of the verbatim report of the trial particularly timely. From this bare record of the prosecutor's pointed and often caustic questions, and the defendants' abject or impassioned answers, emerges an absorbing drama in which individual ambitions, prejudices, and grievances are inextricably intertwined with the gigantic task of socialist construction. Before us come Russian technicians who held responsible posts in various power plants and who, by their own admission, had once served in the White armies and had always nurtured hostility toward the Soviet regime. Here also are British engineers, employees of the Metropolitan-Vickers Company, a British concern dealing in the manufacture and installation of electrical machinery which has been operating in the Soviet Union for more than ten years. Of these, two—Allan Monkhouse, manager of the Moscow office, and William Thornton, chief engineer—had worked in Russia before the revolution; and Monkhouse had served in the British expeditionary forces at Archangel—a fact which the prosecutor did not fail to stress. Finnally, in the midst of these technicians, is the capable Russian secretary, Kutuzova, who was on "intimate terms" with both Monkhouse and Thornton, but who vehemently denied that she could be bought "for perfumes, face powder, and face cream."

The Russian defendants vied in denouncing the Britishers as instigators of a plot to damage the Soviet electrical industry, with a view to weakening the defenses of the Soviet Union in case of war or intervention. That the British engineers, with the possible exception of Nordwall, who had been decorated for shock-brigade work, were not primarily interested in the success of the Five-Year Plan needs no demonstration. The trial also reveals that they bribed some Soviet employees to conceal defects in Metropolitan-Vickers machinery and extended personal favors to others. Nor is there any reasonable doubt that Thornton and MacDonald, at least, collected information regarding the political and economic situation of the Soviet Union, as well as concerning production in armament and other industries served by the power plants in which they installed machinery. Did the Britishers, however, deliberately seek to undermine the economic and military position of the Soviet Union? Was the information they collected merely used, as Monkhouse asserted, to enlighten the directors of the Metropolitan-Vickers Company, which had extended large credits to the Soviet Government, or was it used in such a way as to strengthen the position of anti-Soviet elements in case of intervention? On the face of it, it is rather difficult to believe that foreign engineers would purposely damage machinery they had installed in Soviet factories, even if the responsibility for such damage might for a time be concealed by systematic bribing. Some of the "wrecking" incidents described during the trial, moreover, might easily result from negligence or inexperience on the part of Soviet workers. What is not inconceivable is that some of the information furnished by Monkhouse and Thornton on periodic visits to London might prove of interest to British armament manufacturers and to enemies of the Soviet Union in Great Britain.

The principal difficulty in reaching a clear-cut conclusion regarding the activities of the British engineers is that the case against them was based in large part on pretrial confessions by both British and Russian defendants. In these confessions Thornton made sensational revelations regarding a British espionage organization directed by Richards, export manager of the Metropolitan-Vickers Company and alleged to be a member of the British Intelligence Service, while MacDonald gave elaborate details regarding various "wrecking" operations which he had instigated. At the trial Thornton repudiated his confessions on the ground that they had been extracted under "moral pressure." Questioned by the prosecutor, he admitted that no third-degree methods had been applied, but that he had been frightened, tired, and "brow-beaten," and had been told that if he made a clean breast of it "all would be well." The prosecutor and the president of the court castigated Thornton for his moral cowardice, and clearly regarded him as the most despicable of the British defendants. Thornton's disclosures, however, were relatively dignified when compared with the self-

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lacerations of the Russian defendants who, with Dostoevskian gusto, literally wallowed in their admissions of guilt, and swore that, if their lives were spared by the court, they would expiate their crimes by lifelong devotion to the Soviet state.

For the lawyer this report offers invaluable material regarding Soviet legal procedure. As has already been indicated, the prosecution made extensive use of the defendant's pretrial testimony during the trial. The Russians were more eager to furnish the details of their crimes than to defend themselves. The defense of the Britishers was curiously inadequate; although all of them except MacDonald were at liberty throughout the trial, and presumably could call on the British Embassy for advice, they showed little cooperation in disputing the charges of the prosecution. It must be admitted that they were not materially aided by the defending lawyers, chosen, according to Soviet practice, from the Soviet "college of advocates," one of whom freely confessed that his clients were charged with "heinous" crimes, and that the plea he could make for them was "very limited." Allowing, however, for the fact that the basic concepts of Soviet law and legal procedure differ fundamentally from those of Great Britain, there appears to have been no denial of justice according to accepted international law. The climax of the trial was the speech of the prosecutor, Vishinsky, in which he pointed out that, while the Ramzin trial of 1931 had involved men of real caliber, the Russian engineers who figured in the present case were "second-class wreckers," the "dregs of the technical intelligentsia," from whom the Soviet Union had nothing to fear. The trial, he said, had above all demonstrated "the utter hopelessness of any attempt to hold up the victorious progress of our proletarian revolution." His conclusion, which the court corroborated by an unexpectedly mild verdict, was that the Soviet state is now strong enough to be merciful toward such "insignificant enemies."

VERA MICHELES DEAN

Twenty Years' Romancing

Twenty Years A-Growing. By Maurice O'Sullivan. With a Foreword by E. M. Forster. The Viking Press. $2.50.

THIS work, which has been excellently translated from the Irish by Moya Llewelyn Davies and George Thomson, is an account of primitive life in the West of Ireland. The author hails from Great Blasket, the last inhabited island of the group of that name, which lies off the extreme southwestern coast of Kerry. The dwindling population and the anachronistic conditions which he describes are obviously doomed there as elsewhere in Ireland. He himself leaves the Island, and his destination, as usual, is America. He describes an "American wake," and shows how he was persuaded by one of the translators to remain in Ireland, instead of following that old Blasket custom of going to New York. The value of the book, therefore, is that of a record in which—to quote the translators—"the language, like the life, is largely medieval." In order to preserve the flavor of that language in English, the Anglo-Irish idiom perfected by Douglas Hyde, Lady Gregory, and J. M. Synge has been employed. Those familiar with "The Love Songs of Connacht," "Cuchulain of Muirthemne," and "The Playboy of the Western World" will be prepared to appreciate the style of this translation.

Of the book itself, apart from quaintness of idiom, the translators have said all there is to be said in their preface: "This book is the story of one of the Islanders, written by himself for his own pleasure and for the entertainment of his friends. In the first part of the book, he gives an account of his childhood in the Island; in the second, he goes on to describe how he left his native place and went to Dublin in order to join the Civic Guard, the new Irish police force. It is the first translation into English of a genuine account of the life of the Irish peasants written by one of themselves, as distinct from what has been written about them by the poets and dramatists of the Anglo-Irish school."

To an Irish reader the book suggests a number of reflections which (naturally) have not occurred to Mr. Forster in his lyrical preface nor to the English and American reviewers who have hailed it with vast enthusiasm. In the first place, one is struck by the fact that throughout the entire book no hint is given that the author has lived in a part of the world where rain, dampness, and depression are more than ordinarily the portion of the natives. In the second, one would imagine that Synge had never written "The Aran Islands," and that existence on an Irish-speaking island was now being revealed to the world for the first time—that is, according to the encomiasts. Mr. O'Sullivan's Blasket might be the setting of a Hollywood South Seas idyll for all the book tries to convey of the laborious and melancholy realities of life in the West of Ireland. The much-abused Anglo-Irish school of literature drove out the stage Irishman, but the cult of peasant speech and folklore has saddled poor Ireland with another myth: the charm of life without sanitation, adequate food, and decent housing.

Sympathetic officials who spoke but little, and perhaps knew nothing, of the delights and subtleties of the Irish language, its oral verse and story-telling, saw the actual conditions under which the Gaeltacht lived. For example: "In one room, eleven feet by seven feet, was a family of five. In the other room of the hovel, a family of seven, a loom, a pig, a cow, a donkey, a bed, a spinning-wheel and a cradle. It is beyond belief. And every soul is a gentleman or a lady who entertains you with wit and pathos." Such are the facts which are always omitted in these accounts of the last glories of the Gael.

There also seems to be the impression that Mr. O'Sullivan is unique in being a vivid and graphic writer in Irish. A less deliberately romantic story-teller, a realist full of imagination and humor was Padraic O'Conaire. Two of his books were translated into English, but without success, so far as the reviewers were concerned. Possibly because he would never have worked in all the vaudeville wheezes which the ingenuous Mr. O'Sullivan employs in describing his train trip to Dublin and his first experiences of the Big City. O'Conaire and Mr. O'Sullivan have, however, one point in common: they could never please the pious fanatics who claim to be the sole champions of the Gael. The Publications Department of the Free State Ministry of Education did not find Mr. O'Sullivan's book saccharine enough to publish it in Irish, despite the loudly professed enthusiasm for the language. That task, it so happens, was performed in Dublin by the publisher of Padraic O'Conaire.

ERNEST BOYD

Toward World Suicide?

International Politics: An Introduction to the Western State System. By Frederick L. Schuman. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $4.

PROFESSOR SCHUMAN'S latest book is a long one. Yet it deals with subjects of such magnitude and complexity that, for all its 853 pages, the reader is constantly warned, and perhaps tantalized and wearied, by the author's refrain that the matter is too vast for the space at his command. As one of the tantalized rather than wearied readers, I agree with him, and wish he had made more room for the elaboration of his major themes by eliminating much tedious description of international "forms," such as treaty rights, laws of war, consular offices, state departments, and other diplomatic apparatus.

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For the main theme of the book, though nowise novel, is of tragic pertinence; and its treatment is vigorous and gripping. We cannot be told too often or too well that our Western civilization stands on the brink of disaster; that the disaster is bound to follow another world war or series of wars; that these wars are almost inevitable as a consequence of our patriotism and economic nationalism; and that nationalism in politics and economics, though not derived from capitalism, is, under our profit-system, the natural form given to the inborn human greed for power. Professor Schuman prefers to work out the ominous formula in the reverse and historically more logical order. And he supports each clause with a wealth of examples which explain its particular origin and illustrate its probable consequences. The book is at once history, economics, and sociology, all in their bearing on the panorama of international politics.

From the days of Ur of Chaldea, these politics have been a game of power. Throughout antiquity city-states were merged or dragooned into kingdoms, and kingdoms into empires, and empires swept away, by this lust for dominion. Nations in the modern sense arose from the clash of power between the European peoples as they emerged from feudalism into cohesive independent polities. England was born at Crécy, France at Orléans, Spain at Granada, Germany at Sedan—or similar fields of battle. And much as Christianity became the religious expression of feudal Europe, patriotism—which Professor Schuman neatly defines as "ancestor-worship and territorial fetishism"—has become the religion of the modern capitalist world. Just as the old religion furnished war-cries in the way of saints and dogmas whereby the former ruling classes, lords, dukes, and kings, whipped their underlings into war in order to enrich themselves, so our modern religion with its slogans of "flag" and "country" serve the present dominant middle classes for their proposed, if not always evident, enrichment.

Meanwhile the various states have remained what they have always been since the fall of Rome, the last world-empire: "geographically separate communities free to bargain, trade, and fight with one another." Put more briefly, the Western state system is "international anarchy," precisely as the prevalent business system is "economic anarchy." In world politics this anarchy has been given some measure and control by the gradual emergence of recognized rules for negotiating peace, war, and other bargains, and by keeping a balance of power between the states which prevents the absolute hegemony and empire of any one or group of them.

These checks worked decently enough until the rise of machine industry and its capitalistic exploitation. Although, hitherto, the nations might seek an increase of power—according to their age-old wont—through territorial raids and colonial expansion, the casualties in the game were comparatively low and the profits not unduly high. But industrialism, under capitalism, has enormously increased the booty to be gained in the play for power. And the tools it has devised to increase this power and booty, when applied to war as a means of winning them, now threaten to destroy the world. Neither winners nor losers can afford another world war.

Yet how can it be prevented? Professor Schuman is bluntly factual in appraising the means which are currently proposed. The last war has changed nothing fundamentally so far as the game of "international anarchy" goes. It has merely substituted a French hegemony in Europe for a German hegemony. And where previously the French sought revenge and the Russians expansion, now Germany seeks revenge and Italy "a place in the sun." Elsewhere, most of the nations of the world are suffering as before, either from the discontent at being exploited by a stronger power or from the itch to exploit a weaker one. The truly pacific nations are, as usual, either insignificant or momentarily occupied with internal troubles. The total pattern remains the same.

Diplomacy cannot avert war, Professor Schuman plainly shows, for war is itself one of diplomacy's integral weapons. Arbitration treaties and peace pacts cannot avail in the future any more than they have in the past, because they do not touch the causes of war. At best, they amount to a truce. The hope of uprooting the religion of patriotism without first uprooting its patron, capitalism, is absurd on the face of it. And capitalism, especially when it assumes the form of economic nationalism and fascism—and the pressure of its own mismanagement and lust is driving it ever farther along that road—cannot be uprooted except at the price of the very war we are seeking to avoid.

Finally, that hope of sentimentalists, the League of Nations, is shown to be floundering in a hopeless dilemma so far as the ultimate preservation of peace is concerned. "If the League does not uphold the existing status quo, it will become worthless to its founders, who will then abandon it. If it does seek to perpetuate that status quo, it will be worthless to all the revisionist states of the world, which will sooner or later resort to force, and destroy the League in the process."

Perhaps one hope remains—the triumph of communism, which, as we may guess though not absolutely count on from the example of Russia, would destroy the basis of patriotism by destroying the middle classes and their profit motives. But this is a faint hope, which assumes either that communism can capture the imagination and allegiance of the world before our catastrophic war breaks loose, or else, once a world war is declared, that it can seize effective power before irrevocable damage is done.

Some quaint comfort—disregarded by Professor Schuman—may be extracted as well from the logic of economic nationalism, which if carried to the limit would completely isolate the nations—turning each of them into an eighteenth-century Japan; and banish the dogs of war by chaining each one, growling, gnawing, and otherwise relieving himself, in his own kennel.

But Professor Schuman's book, I should hasten to add, is no prophecy; and only in the final few pages does he reluctantly assume the role of a seer. On the contrary, it is an extensive factual description of things as they are, marred by few inevitable errors. And it is because it deals with the realities—and not the dreams or aspirations—of today, that it makes the outlook seem so gloomy for the morrow.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

The Animal Sense

Pure and the Impure. By Colette. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

READING Colette, it is not difficult to understand why nature, especially human nature, can be seen as a skein of the animal senses. The opposing concept, the classic view of life, seeks to establish nature as a pattern of reason, whether mathematical or organic. Colette's invariable theme is: nature, man, and animal are identical. She is primarily the artist of profound and subtle sensations translated into a medium that is a strict expression of what the eye beholds and the hand touches. Even her landscapes are animal in the sense that they are reflected in her style as sensory and ever in instinctive motion. Always in her work there is a longing, as she says somewhere, "to possess the wonders of the earth with my eye." Her women and her cats are interchangeable; her men can be scarcely told apart except for their oddities of physical make-up. And yet, although she is outstandingly a poet of voluptuousness, she uses no vulgar tricks to bring off her effects.

In this she resembles somewhat D. H. Lawrence, who was also obsessed with man's diffusive identity with nature. Neither Lawrence nor Colette, however, quite escapes the romantic sys-

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tem contrived by Rousseau; both eke out what they miss in romanticism by drawing exhaustively on their childhood experiences and memories. In her early books, in "Cheri" and "Claudine," and in her animal dialogues, Colette, steeped in her peculiar sense-mirror of nature, gives us a childlike and frequently "savage" poetry of the senses. But, since she is a modern, she has been unable to compel her talent to walk at all times in its earlier path. The delicate shadings of her own style, so vivid and tactile, have now seduced her to the limbo of half-whispers and overtones in dealing with sex. In Colette's case, surely, this marks a kind of decadence.

This decadence is fully spread out for the reader in her present book. I do not call it decadence because her theme happens to be wayward love. After all, many writers have dealt understandingly with perverts, inverts, and what Colette herself calls ternary harmony. Colette's error in her present book, a chronicle of her experiences in the shadowy border-world of Paris where drug fiends, wastrels, and homosexuals hold their traffic, is that she felt the need to abandon her explicit early style and take refuge in innuendo. Even her spinning of paradoxical analysis around her Sapphos and queer Don Juans is not without sophistry. Her talent is, above all, sensual and direct; this gift of hers, although it may sound contradictory to say so, is almost classic in its translucency. It is a pity that she has for the present abandoned it. Gide and Proust are masters of psychological description. We ask for no manifestation of outward sensuality in their Edouards and Barons de Charlus. The reader enjoys groping his way among their paradoxes and epigrams, but these selfsame epigrams in Colette are rather tiresome. They reveal next to nothing. One character in the book, Charlotte, a plump, blonde, unknown woman emotionally chained to a handsome and perverted invalid, betrays Colette's old superb power—power with delicacy, as it may be found in "Cheri" and "Claudine." It is regrettable that she has not seen fit to turn her book into Charlotte's story rather than a case-book of erratic sexual expression.

Dr. Joseph Collins, in his introduction, tries his best to condone, but all he can do is to lapse into a literary *gaffe* past belief. "I think," he writes, "it was Job who said 'God does things past finding out.'" The translation, too, is unsatisfactory. It is so literal in a number of places that the meaning of the author tends to elude the reader.

PIERRE LOVING

Shorter Notices

Venetian Blinds. By Ethel Mannin. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

In a prefatory note to this novel of outer London's mean streets, and the ordinary people who live in them, Miss Mannin disclaims any intention of writing about actual people, and explains that "there are thousands of Stephen Pendricks struggling up from a house-in-a-row to a semi-detached villa; thousands of lonely old Mrs. Crabbes living alone with their dogs; thousands of unhappily married young Mrs. Mords in love with their lodgers," and so on. Perhaps this austere intention to document only the typical and mediocre may account for the automatism with which her characters seem to move, and the reader's ultimate conviction of the futility of this form of documentation. Miss Mannin writes exceedingly well. She achieves vigor and poetry in her style without affectation, and she is able to convey character in convincing detail. And yet, for all its expertness and sincerity, the novel is disappointing. It belongs to that current school of attenuated naturalism which is without passionate motivation, which trades on the sole truth that mediocrity is legion. But this truth is common knowledge by now, and if one takes the trouble to amplify it in a novel something must be added to it. As in Hans Fallada's novel, there must be some attempt to discover the meaning of this mediocrity; it must be made significant, even, in a sense, heroic.

Carr. By Phyllis Bentley. The Macmillan Company. $2.

A novel cast in the form of a biography of its central character, "Carr" deals with the same locale as Miss Bentley's "Inheritance"—a mill town in the West Riding of Yorkshire; only here the emphasis is on the individuals, rather than on the drama of the rise of the machine in England. In this imaginary biography, the life of Philip Joseph Carr, covering the years from 1854 to 1927, is recounted by his granddaughter, the imaginary biographer who claims that her sources of information are Carr's letters, various notes and diaries, the Hudley *News,* oral tradition, and so on. It is an altogether delightful performance. The whole biography is written in a light vein, in a style that is an excellent adaptation of Victorian prose. Miss Bentley uses an idiom that seems to be the authentic speech of her characters, and she deals with their loves and hates with just that touch of sly humor that conveys her affectionate indulgence of their Victorian foibles. The prefaces, footnotes, and appendices add a piquant dash of scholarship.

Renascent India: from Ram Mohan Roy to Mohandas Gandhi. By H. C. Zacharias. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.25.

The purpose of this book is to explain why there is a conflict in India today between Indian nationalism and British imperialism, and to tell what the course of it has been. It does not really deal with "Renascent India" except as that country is renascent politically, and partly as it is renascent socially, religiously, and educationally. Literature, art, and many other

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aspects of the Indian renascence are outside the author's purview. It is a first-rate presentation of the political situation in India as it appears to a nationalist, almost the one book in the decade on that subject with a similar motivation that deserves any serious consideration. Although it is propagandist in effect and interprets the political history of British and Indian relations during the past century from the nationalist point of view, it is careful in assembling facts to seek for accuracy and does not indulge in epithets or harangues. It is easily read by one with an Indian background, but would perhaps be a bit difficult for a reader having no previous acquaintance with the subject. India is very different today from India a hundred years ago, when Ram Mohan Roy was the outstanding reformer, and the specific aims of Ram Mohan Roy and Mahatma Gandhi, while often similar, seek fulfilment by different means. Dr. Zacharias discusses the change at length; in brief the reason is that a hundred years ago forward-looking Indians had confidence in Britain; even fifty years ago they still had it; today most of India's thoughtful patriots have little, if any, of that confidence. Nevertheless Dr. Zacharias believes that it is still possible to work out terms agreeable and profitable to both parties, according to which India and Britain may maintain their association.

India-Burma. Laymen's Foreign Missions Inquiry. Two volumes. Regional Reports: Volume 1, Supplementary Series, Part I. Fact-Finders' Reports: Volume IV, Supplementary Series, Part 2. Edited by Orville A. Petty. Harper and Brothers. $1.50 per volume.

These two volumes constitute supplementary matter to the general report of the Laymen's Foreign Missions Inquiry "Re-Thinking Missions." The first volume contains a report on different departments of mission work in India and recommendations for the future program; the second volume contains summaries by competent investigators of facts presented to the committee of appraisal. The tone of the two volumes is generally realistic and scholarly, and that of the fact-finders may be considered an authoritative survey of the status of missions, especially Protestant American missions, of India today. There is a tendency in these volumes to emphasize, more than ever in the past, the sociological aspects of missionary work, and the first two subjects considered are those of agriculture and village life and missions and industry; the second longest article is Miss Woodsmall's on women's interests and activities. A reading of these will repay those interested in these subjects independently of missions. The outlook for Christianizing India seems problematic, even with the application of such tactful and sweetly reasonable methods as those proposed in this report.

An Authenticated Contemporary Portrait of Shakespeare. By Tracy Kingman. William Edwin Rudge. $5.

The affidavits by experts of which this handsome volume is largely composed do not prove what Mr. Kingman wants to prove —namely, that the portrait of two men playing chess, which Colonel Ezra Miller of New Jersey bought in 1878 and which now belongs to Frank de Heyman, Jr., is an authentic, contemporary, and from-the-life portrait of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. If it were any of these things it would be unique and priceless; but most of Mr. Kingman's "proof" is based upon a resemblance between the head of "Shakespeare" here and the Kesselstadt death mask—which, contrary to Mr. Kingman's claim, has not been generally accepted either as a death mask at all or as a likeness of Shakespeare. Then there is testimony to the effect that the canvas beneath the paint is early seventeenth-century canvas. This in all likelihood is true; but many an old painting has been "restored" for a purpose, and this may be such a one. Our desire to know what Shakespeare looked like, obviously unsatisfied by the Stratford bust and the Droeshout engraving, has filled the world with spurious countenances purporting to be his. Mr. Kingman's uncritical monograph will not convince the wary that here at last is the genuine face.

The March of Democracy. Volume II. By James Truslow Adams. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

There is no change of method in Mr. Adams's second volume, but the method benefits by the increasing predominance of national issues of large character from the Civil War onward. The main divisions of the narrative are obvious—the Civil War, reconstruction, the new era of industrial development that merged shortly with a new imperialism, political reform and the Progressive movement, the Wilson regime and the World War, and the calamitous years that have been war's heritage. Interspersed with these political matters is a good deal of miscellaneous but useful information about changes in social habits and economic conditions, the course of literature and science, and the intellectual and moral interests of classes and masses. As in the previous volume, counsel is mixed with history, and we learn something of what Mr. Adams thinks of American political methods at various times and of changes which he would like to see, but his criticisms, although usually of the nature of asides, are timely and his estimates of political leaders just. What is said of the "mad decade" that followed the World War, while necessarily brief, will do little to enhance respect for either Harding, Coolidge, or Mr. Hoover. The more than 250 illustrations merit high praise for their variety and appropriateness.

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